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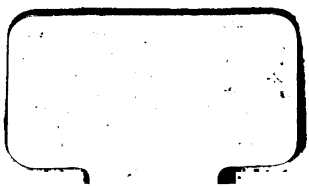

MINOR POEMS,

INCLUDING

NAPOLEON.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

S.H. 1825

MINOR POEMS,

9

INCLUDING

NAPOLEON.

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

" Shelter'd, but not to social duties lost;
Secluded, but not buried; and with song
Cheering my days."

WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS BOYS,
LUDGATE HILL.

1824.

293.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO

THE KING;

THIS SMALL VOLUME

OF

POEMS,

BY HIS KIND PERMISSION,

Is Inscribed,

WITH GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

For the first poem in this volume its author could wish to solicit the reader's peculiar indulgence; not so much on account of its poetical deficiencies, as for the views and sentiments contained in it. But before he presumes to offer a few remarks on behalf of these, he is desirous of being allowed a word or two in explanation of what, to the view of some, may appear a discrepancy between its title and contents.

The author is aware that a poem under the designation of "NAPOLEON," may suggest anticipations which his performance was never intended to realize: and, should he be compelled to plead guilty to a misnomer, he trusts his more candid readers will accept, as his apology, the simple statement of the fact, that the death of Napoleon actually gave rise to the reflections contained in the poem; and that its design was less "to adorn a tale," than "to point a

moral," which the chequered lot of this extraordinary man had strikingly suggested.

With regard to the sentiments expressed in the poem on the subject of war; the author rather wishes to submit them to the indulgence of his readers, and respectfully to request for them their serious reflection, than argumentatively to attempt their defence. He admits them to be the sentiments of one to whom ALL war, under the Christian dispensation, is unlawful. But as this opinion is the avowed and well-known tenet of a religious society, with which he has never concealed his own connexion, and whose faith and doctrine on this important topic is cordially assented to by him; he can hardly conceive it possible for what he has written either to excite surprise, or to give offence.

That war is an evil, is perhaps one of those truisms which require no elaborate demonstration. That it is incompatible with the mild and beneficent spirit of the Gospel, perhaps none, who rightly estimate and truly feel the influence of that spirit, will deny. If it be urged, as it frequently has been on the author in conversation, that the passions of men render war at times unavoidable; he would

inquire for what was the Gospel preached — what was the design proposed by the promulgation of its sublime precepts — the love of our enemies, the forgiveness of injuries? — for what the inculcation of its characteristic duties — "meekness, forbearance, long-suffering?" — but immediately to restrain, and ultimately to eradicate, those passions in which wars originate. The precepts of Christ were surely meant to be *practical;* his example designed as a pattern for our *imitation;* and if the former were cordially embraced in their true spirit, the latter reverently beheld in its genuine beauty, by all who bear His name, the author cannot persuade himself that the sword would devour for ever.

That Christianity is a progressive dispensation, and that the *full* accomplishment of prophecy, in the transformation of swords into ploughshares, and of spears into pruning-hooks, may be among its long-delayed achievements; the author is willing, in degree, to admit. But he sees in this admission no valid reason why the friends of peace should relax their efforts in its cause. A consummation which must be glorious in the view of those who may regard it as more or less remote, may be accelerated

or retarded, humanly speaking, by our own faith and conduct. If we rest satisfied in a vague belief that the ultimate tendency of Christianity will, at some future and far distant day, preclude war among its votaries; and that this dreadful pest is not to be reprobated, until all are prepared to abandon it; the triumph of that pure and peaceable creed may be fearfully remote. But might it not be hastened by the prevalence of a more animating faith? Of that faith, which, being in itself the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, can indeed remove mountains; and is, in degree, a pledge of the approaching fulfilment of its own high and holy aspirations?

To the author, there is nothing either extravagant or enthusiastic in the foregoing supposition. If all things are possible to him that believeth, the establishment of permanent and universal peace in the Christian world may be effected, through the blessing of the God of peace, by the individual faith and co-operative love of those who bear the Christian name: nor can a result so desirable be advanced by our doubts or supineness, or deferred by our earnest hopes and humble exertions.

It is, however, far from the author's wish, in this place, by any thing like controversial disputation, to deter a single reader from the perusal of the "NAPOLEON." For the sentiments expressed in that poem, as well as for those which he has now stated, he once more solicits the indulgence of such as may consider his creed rather ultra-pacific; observing, that with the views he entertains on the subject of war, their suppression would have been an act of cowardice and inconsistency.

The "MINOR POEMS," which form in truth the more considerable portion of his volume, their author cheerfully submits to a public whose kindness he has before experienced. They are not, he trusts, of a nature to provoke any severity of criticism; nor do they aspire to much eloquence of praise. For some of their defects he might perhaps plead his imperfect acquaintance with *the rules of his art*, and his want of time to avail himself more fully of the little knowledge of them which experience has taught him. To those who regard such apologies as inadmissible, and who insist on the indispensable necessity of laborious polishing

and revision, the author wishes to offer a remark or two, were it only from a feeling of respect to the highly valued friend, who has long been his kindest and severest of critics; and who, he believes, would have made a poet of him, if the thing had been practicable.

It has not been from indolence that the author has not bestowed more elaborate revision on his compositions; nor is it with any affected contempt of refined taste, or in wilful disrespect of critical opinion, that he ventures on publishing what he does; but, in his judgment, his poetry is not of a description which long and laborious revision would essentially improve: what it might gain in elegance appears to him too contingent to be plausibly hoped; what it might lose in simplicity and unstudied earnestness, too probable not to be rationally feared. The *matter* he has been desirous of communicating to his readers, has been, in his hours of composition, of much more moment to him than the *manner*, provided the last were not positively repulsive. Should *his* prove so to those whose taste may have been formed on purer and more classical models, he certainly must regret

the circumstance; for he pretends not to undervalue what he is unable to attain: but he has endeavoured to do the best which his education, circumstances, and situation have allowed him.

In conclusion: so far as his poetry is capable of affording some degree of instruction, of yielding blameless pleasure, and of awakening interest strictly accordant with all that is pure, lovely, and of good report, and so far only, does its author wish it to find favour. If such be its tendency, with all its defects of execution, his confidence in the MORAL TASTE AND FEELING of an ENGLISH PUBLIC is far too strong to allow him to doubt the continuance of past indulgence: if it be inimical to these nobler features of our national character, he has not one word to offer in its behalf.

SONNET.

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

WORDSWORTH.

NOT in the shade of academic bowers,
Nor yet in classic haunts, where every breeze
Wakes, with its whispers, music among trees,
Which shelter by their shadow fragrant flowers;
Has it been mine to nurse my minstrel powers.
Nor have I, lull'd in literary ease,
Dreamt of ascending, even by degrees,
The glittering steep where " Fame's proud temple" towers.
Yet have I been at times a listener
TO THEM, whose hallow'd harps are now suspended
In silence! — and have ventur'd to prefer
A prayer, in which both hope and fear were blended,
That I might rank, their fellow-worshipper,
In the esteem of some, when life be ended.

NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON.

I.

It was a lovely morning; — all was calm,
As if creation, thankful for repose,
In renovated beauty, breathing balm
And blessedness around, from slumber rose;
Joyful once more to see the East unclose
Its gates of glory: — yet subdued and mild,
Like the soft smile of Patience, amid woes,
By hope and resignation reconciled,
That morning's beauty shone, that landscape's charm beguiled.

II.

The heavens were mark'd by many a filmy streak,
Even in the orient; and the sun shone through
Those lines, as Hope upon a mourner's cheek
Sheds, meekly chasten'd, her delightful hue.
From groves and meadows, all impearl'd with dew,
Rose silv'ry mists,—no eddying wind swept by,—
The cottage chimneys, half conceal'd from view
By their embow'ring foliage, sent on high
Their pallid wreaths of smoke unruffled to the sky.

III.

And every gentle sound which broke the hush
Of morning's still serenity, was sweet;
The sky-lark over head; the speckled thrush,
Who now had taken with delight his seat
Upon the slender larch, the day to greet;
The starling, chattering to her callow young;
And that monot'nous lay, which seems to fleet
Like echo through the air, the cuckoo's song,
Was heard at times, far off, the leafy woods among.

IV.

Surrounded by such sights and sounds, I stood,
Delighted auditor, spectator there;
And gave full scope, in meditative mood,
To thoughts excited by a scene so fair:
Feeling renewedly how matchless are
The power and goodness of that GREAT SUPREME,
Who form'd and fashion'd all things to declare,
Even to those who lightly of Him deem,
The beauty and the love of His creative scheme.

V.

"And God beheld, and saw that all was good!"
Thus was it at the first; thus would it be,
If man would ponder rightly, as he should,
His duty, and deputed sov'reignty.
Nature pursues aright the course which HE
Prescribed, nor violates her Maker's will:
The mighty earth and the magnificent sea,
The bright stars in their courses, serve him still;
Beast, bird, fish, insect, all alike his laws fulfil.

VI.

Nor can rebellious man, however great
His aberrations from the simple line
Of manifested duty, violate
The purpose of Omnipotence divine;
Nor mar his blest and ultimate design,
With whom e'en angels fruitlessly have striven;
Whose word enjoins us, when we seek the shrine
Of prayer, to supplicate to be forgiven,
And that His will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven.

VII.

But though man's disobedience, by the skill
Of Him who rules alike effect and cause,
Bringing forth real good from seeming ill,
Unconsciously co-operate with those laws
That govern all; yet he who so withdraws
From duty's path, which leads to happiness,
Whether seduced from thence by Fame's applause,
Or by less noble motives, brings distress
Most surely on *himself*—Who must not this confess?

VIII.

And oh, how often that distress extends
To innocent suff'rers, whose delight, or woe,
By Heaven's appointment, with our being blends,
Happy, or wretched, as ourselves are so!
Even in *private life*, full well we know
That no man lives unto himself, nor dies;
But that around the humblest beings grow
Those flowers, or weeds, which every hour that flies,
Flings shade or sunshine on, and more augments the ties

IX.

By which the joy or sorrow of one heart
Is link'd unto another's — and if this
Hold true of those who 'act a private part
Upon the world's wide stage, whose bale or bliss
But unto two, or three, of moment is,
By all beside unheeded, or unknown;
How is it proved when *they* decide amiss,
Tempted by lust of power, or pride alone,
Who wear the jewell'd crown, and fill the splendid throne!

X.

Such thoughts as these, on that delightful morn,
Pass'd through my mind; partly deriving birth
From the unruffled aspect, sweetly worn
By Nature's features, in her chasten'd mirth;
Partly from tidings which had just gone forth,
That He, the marvel of our latter age,
NAPOLEON! who had seem'd to look on earth,
As does the actor on his scenic stage,
Had now fulfill'd his part, and closed his pilgrimage.

XI.

Nor did that hour and scene, so sweetly mild,
To me unfitted for such thoughts appear;
In the world's turmoil man may be beguiled,
Approving what might rather wake a tear:
The heart's best feelings, the soul's eye and ear,
Are deaden'd, blinded, deafen'd! party's spell
O'erclouds what else were questionless and clear;
Nor can we judge aright, or reason well,
Of earth, or earth's affairs, while in its toils we dwell.

XII.

Would we appreciate truly even things
Of the world's converse daily, hourly theme,
And put them to the test time only brings,
By which posterity their worth will deem,
We must not judge of them by what they *seem*,
But what they *are* must for ourselves inquire;
See with what latent good or ill they teem,
Mark well what thoughts, what feelings they inspire;
And to do this we must *into ourselves* retire.

XIII.

For 'tis not in the conflict, fierce and loud,
Of disputants, that truth is easiest gain'd;
Nor from the vague opinions of the crowd,
That accurate judgment soonest is attain'd.
These must be won by charity unfeign'd,
Discriminating thought, deep self-distrust;
By weighing well what time hath not explain'd,
And making that allowance truly just,
Which we ourselves should claim, were ours the case discuss'd.

XIV.

Does the world do this? are its judgments form'd,
Its verdicts given, upon this sober scale?
Alas! too oft the judgment seat is storm'd
By passions, which make coward conscience quail;
Or sophistry, by her delusive tale,
Or zeal to prop some fair hypothesis,
O'er candour, truth, and justice will prevail,
Until "the worse, the better reason" is,
Or seem so unto us, through our own prejudice.

XV.

And thus, perchance, the conflict of opinion
Has ris'n respecting Him, whose ensign bird,
Before adversity had quail'd its pinion,
Nor sun relax'd, nor winter's snows deterr'd.
Where'er the rustling of its wing was heard
The nations sprang to arms, their senates met,
Debates ran high; for treaty some demurr'd,
While others on one throw the stake would set,
Cried, "Onward! to the field! Our arms shall triumph yet!"

XVI.

Can it be strange, then, when brief breathing space
From fiercest struggle only has been known,
That widely diff'ring judgments should have place
In minds which unambiguously have shown
Or blame, or praise, from int'rest's source alone?
Let us awhile but soberly reflect
On rules that guide opinions of our own,
When we or hope for good, or ill expect,
And in another's fault, our folly we detect.

XVII.

That they who in WAR's stormy element,
And in its fiercer energies, can find
That excitation, rude and violent,
Which satisfies the unreflecting mind,—
That these should be to war alone inclined,
Is natural; and still more, if such a state
Of warfare with self-int'rest be combined;
'Twere strange, indeed, if these could hesitate,
Nor eagerly admire the mischievously great.

XVIII.

Nor is this all; for there exists in man,
In spite of better feelings, given to bless,
And truer wisdom, what is good to scan,
An appetite, a craving restlessness,
And vulgar sympathy, (nor more nor less
Can truth regard it,) that extracts its food
From *poison;* and is touch'd by no distress,
Unless the sufferer in its presence stood,—
By which the *warrior's tale* is as a *pastime* woo'd.

XIX.

Such must have moving accidents to stir
The current of their feelings; thought, with them,
Calm thought, is not the wise interpreter
Of noiseless deeds; the conqueror's diadem
Is sullied not, although its brightest gem
With innocent blood be stain'd: these ask not *how*
Was planted, water'd, rear'd, the laurel's stem
Which gave the wreath that decks their idol's brow;
They see it glitters there, and unto it they bow.

XX.

Again; Napoleon was not famed alone
For feats of arms, or for that magic skill,
By which he made his hardy followers prone
T' obey his edicts, and effect his will.
In *science*, as in *war*, his name may fill
No common niche; though in the first he might
Be no profound adept, he wielded still
What he *had* won with that consummate sleight,
Which best might lure their praise who in her power delight.

XXI.

Can we then marvel that a man like this
Should win the idle plaudits of the crowd,
Who reason little, and oft judge amiss,
In praise now lavish, now in censure loud?
Nor wondrous is it that some minds endow'd
With powers that should not have been so misled,
Forgot themselves; and to a splendour bow'd
Which was not truly glorious, though it shed
A brilliant lustre round the conqueror's crowned head.

XXII.

Reverse we now the picture; we shall find,
Or I mistake much, no less ample cause,
At the abuse and obloquy assign'd
Unto his name, at least awhile to pause,
And doubt the portraiture which passion draws:
The opposite of wrong, at times, may be
Not wholly right; and truth, and candour's laws,
Alike demand our judgment should be free
From bigoted applause, or baser calumny.

XXIII.

He who has rear'd his throne "upon the neck
Of Fortune proud," and who, in doing so,
Has made of human welfare wanton wreck;
Proving himself unmindful of the woe
Of countless millions; must not hope to go
Unscarr'd, and scatheless from the field of strife:
Power and injustice, by example, show
To basest natures, with resentment rife,
Some way *to be revenged;* and this, to such, is *life!*

XXIV.

The conqueror, therefore, must expect the meed
Of his own lawlessness: that is, he must
Not only bear the righteous doom decreed,
The condemnation of the good and just;
But even the *renown* he made his trust,
For which he barter'd honourable fame,
Will be denied him. Round the marble bust,
The graven tablet, or the portrait's frame,
A legend will be traced that charity must blame.

XXV.

Not only will his real actions be
Grossly misconstrued, foully vilified;
But even darker deeds, perhaps, than He,
In his most wanton lust of power, or pride,
Ever contemplated, will be supplied
By fraud, or falsehood; till the portraiture
Be one from which his shade would turn aside,
Humbled to think how little to allure
Posterity is left; how much for pride to endure.

XXVI.

He has no right to murmur; for he set
Himself the example others have pursued;
By violating rights, without regret,
Which should with strictest reverence have been view'd:
But not less watchfully to be eschew'd,
By genuine charity, this foul disgrace,
Than usurpation's wrongs: a mind endued
With generous feelings rather would efface
A blot unjustly thrown, than such with pleasure trace.

XXVII.

These will not echo each opprobrious name
Which party spirit chooses to apply;
Nor give prompt credence to each tale that fame
May trumpet forth, unasking "how," or "why:"
Knowing how readily a specious lie
May even genuine worth calumniate;
And that the man, on whom the public eye
Is ever fix'd, in honour or in hate,
Must pay the forfeit due unto such high estate.

XXVIII.

But is there then no medium? or, because
Napoleon's name alternately has been
A theme for indiscriminate applause
And fiercest censure, must we blindly lean
To either? Truth is, surely, found between.
And he who has not mingled in debate
With those who loudest talk when least they mean,
May, without erring widely, estimate
Napoleon's lasting claim to be consider'd GREAT.

XXIX.

True greatness is not won by POWER alone,
Even if that power be nobly, fairly gain'd;
But as its influence unto GOOD is prone,
The plaudits of the virtuous are obtain'd.
By this sure test alone may be explain'd
All genuine greatness;—it has made mankind
Wiser, and happier; it has never stain'd
Its fame by selfishness, but borne in mind,
That glory, to be true, must be with good combin'd.

XXX.

GOD is not *great* because *omnipotent!*
But because power, in Him, is understood,
And felt, and prov'd, to be benevolent,
And wise, and holy;—thus it ever should!
For what HE wills, we know, is pure and good,
And has in view the happiness of ALL:
Hence love and adoration;—never could
The contrite spirit at his footstool fall,
If Power, and Power *alone*, its feelings did appal!

XXXI.

If then divinest power be truly so,
Because its end and object is to bless;
It follows, that all power which man can know,
The highest even monarchs can possess,
Displays alone their "less than littleness,"
Unless it seek the happiness of man,
And glory of the Highest;—nothing less
Than such a *use* of power one moment can
Make its possessor great, on Wisdom's godlike plan.

XXXII.

Thus judg'd, Napoleon was not truly great;
Because his *actions* to the world have shown,
In language which admits of no debate,
Self-aggrandizement was his end alone.
He us'd his power, as conquerors are prone,
And ever were, for selfish ends; and sought
To extend his sway, and fortify his throne;
Not by those gentler arts, with blessings fraught,
But by War's ruthless spoil, with blood and rapine bought.

XXXIII.

I will not say that he had no excuse,
With those who judge by worldly policy;
But this can never justify the abuse
Of power, to Truth's discriminating eye:
All the apology it can supply
Amounts to this, alas! and little more;
"He did but do, as some, in days gone by,
Have done before him: it *was* thus of yore,
And *will be so*, howe'er the fact we may deplore."

XXXIV.

THIS brings me, then, unto the main intent,
Which first inspir'd this unelaborate strain;
And, O! could I, by force of argument,
Or by appeal to sympathy, obtain
Even brief audience, surely not in vain
Precepts, to which all Christians ought to bow,
Might be again declar'd: Messiah's reign
Of peace once more announc'd! "Assist me, Thou
Who worest, for our sakes, around thy patient brow,

XXXV.

"The thorny diadem! may thy meek Spirit,
Which all who bear thy name should, in degree,
By word and action, prove that they inherit,
May this alone my inspiration be!
The glorious cause is THINE! for unto thee
Was given, before thy sway on earth began,
A holy kingdom from contention free;
And angels thus announc'd its scope and plan,
Glory to God on high! peace and good will to man!

XXXVI.

" Since Thou art fitly styl'd the PRINCE OF PEACE!
And unto thee all power by love is given,
So shed abroad thy Spirit, so increase
Its influence upon earth; that hearts, now riven
With angry feelings, which too long have striven
To injure, may each harsher thought disown;
And thy pure law of love, revered in heaven,
May be on earth in human actions shown,
Proving thy kingdom come, the heart of man thy throne.

XXXVII.

" And unto them whose hearts anticipate,
With earnest prayers, thy pure and peaceful reign,
Give wisdom, meekness, zeal—to advocate
The good they hope for; patience to sustain
Its slow fulfilment; power to ' *turn again*
The battle to the gate;' that these, made strong
By Thee alone, may steadfastly remain
Oppos'd to every violence and wrong;
Seeking, by holy love, what Seers have promis'd long.

XXXVIII.

" And, on this feeble effort to extend
Thy gentle government and quiet creed,
May that pure blessing through thy power descend,
Which giveth good, and maketh wise indeed.
Suffer THY SPIRIT for itself to plead,
With its own energetic eloquence,
That *some* who these unstudied lines shall read,
May find them answer'd by that inward sense,
Which gives awaken'd thought sublime intelligence."

XXXIX.

HIS blessing crav'd, revert we to our theme,
And let us humbly ask ourselves, what right
The Christian has, upon the Gospel scheme,
To employ of force the all-unhallow'd might
And wrong unmerited, by wrong requite?
My kingdom is not of this world, if 'twere,
The Saviour said, then would my followers fight:
And can we, who profess his name to bear,
In spite of his commands, for murderous strife prepare?

XL.

Put up thy sword! the cup my Father gives
Shall I not drink? 'Twas thus our Master spake,
And he who in his Spirit breathes and lives,
Like him will patiently injustice take,
And bear it meekly, for his Pattern's sake:
Knowing who hath immutably decreed —
"Vengeance is MINE alone!" he dares not wake
For apprehended wrongs, in word or deed,
Wrath's devastating woes, or to redress proceed.

XLI.

But not by insulated precepts, strown
Throughout the Gospel, war is prov'd to be
Unlawful: that unlawfulness is shown
By Christianity's whole tendency:
This should be happiness and harmony;
For *all* its doctrines uniformly prove
How genuine is its holy sympathy,
With peace, and gentleness, and joy, and love
To all on earth below, and all in heaven above.

XLII.

The wrath of man works not, nor can it work,
The righteousness of God; because in it
That latent evil cannot fail to lurk,
Which proves it for such glorious task unfit:
In characters of blood its deeds are writ;
Nor has it learnt that lesson, first and best,
Religion teaches, calmly to submit,
And all its wishes, cares, and griefs to rest
On His disposing power, and bow to its behest.

XLIII.

These are hard sayings; who can such receive?
Not they who, easily provok'd by ill,
Resent it promptly, and themselves believe
Fit arbiters of retribution still;
Although their purpose is but to fulfil
The puny wrath of disappointed pride;
Whose judgment is the dictate of the will,
Uncurbed by reason, and unsanctified
By meek Religion's laws, which fitlier would decide.

XLIV.

Now, he who has been tutor'd in the school
Of Christ, and by its precepts has been taught
To judge of all things by that nobler rule,
Which revelation, by its light, has brought
To bear upon those secret springs of thought
Whence actions flow—sees how unfit is man,
Viewing himself as truth proclaims he ought,
His own imagin'd injuries to scan,
And chastisement inflict, ev'n where he safely can.

XLV.

They know but little of the human heart,
Nor have they ever studied well their own,
Who have not learnt with what insidious art
To what we *will* our sophistry is prone.
Our better reason will not speak alone:
Passion will plead, and selfishness be heard:
And these, combin'd, will overpower the tone
Of conscience, whose inspeaking heavenly word
Should be unquestion'd there, and unto all preferr'd.

XLVI.

But is there not a reason yet unnam'd,
That home to every human heart should come;
Which, if it were on glory's field proclaim'd,
Ay! on the verge of conflict! when the drum,
The echoing trumpet, and the mingled hum
Of hosts were heard—at once should break the spell?
Appal each Christian's heart, and render dumb
The boldest voice?—oh! let us ponder well,
How different are the *hopes* on which IN PRAYER we dwell!

XLVII.

"*Father! forgive our trespasses,* AS *we*
Others forgive, who trespass against us!!"
If, when we supplicate Heaven's majesty,
Our words have ANY meaning, is it thus
We show forgiveness? praying now with HUSS,
And then with ZISCA fighting! Oh! in vain
May sciolists minuter points discuss;
This outward rite reject, and that retain;
We cannot, must not hide so palpable a stain.

XLVIII.

Is there a man,—I ask not of his creed
On minor points of faith,—whose lips have been
Accustom'd thus to pray, that does not need
Forgiveness from his God? with unblench'd mien
Is he prepar'd to dye the verdant green
He stands on with a brother's blood? and then
Present himself with countenance serene,
Before his Maker with his fellow men,
And thus for mercy plead, by mercy shown again?

XLIX.

I write in charity, and freely make
Ample allowance for unconscious crime;
I grant all any disputant could take
For views and habits, which the poet's rhyme
Has cherish'd long, from bards of olden time
To those of latter days: my heart can thrill,
I trust it can, with patriot hopes sublime:
Yet, feeling thus, to me all war is still
Forbidden by the law which says, Thou shall not kill.

L.

Tradition, custom, habit, cannot plead
Excuse for what is evil: well I know
That many who have own'd the Christian creed,
And have in part *adorn'd* it, o'er a foe
Have fought, and conquer'd; and, in doing so,
Have render'd, as they thought, a patriot's due;
But, owning this, I cannot so forego
My views of right and wrong, of false and true,
As think them right *in this*, and own the Gospel too.

LI.

Nay more, I have delightful converse held
On themes of lofty thought, with some who wear
The livery of war; and uncompell'd,
Most grateful testimony I could bear,
Not to their moral worth alone and care
To walk uprightly in the sight of men,
But more than this; nor would my spirit dare
To doubt for such divine acceptance, when
The final trump shall sound, the dead shall rise again.

LII.

But can e'en such examples, while I feel
Renewedly their force still unforgot,
Th' express command of God himself repeal,
Or from his book its brightest precept blot?
Christians may err, but surely Christ could not;
And he declar'd the simple, touching sign
Of holiest fellowship with him was — what?
Wrathful contention? no! but love benign!
"*By this shall all men know that ye are mine!*"

LIII.

As for the common-place, heroic rant
Of wreaths by fame twin'd round a warrior's head;
Such move me not, if gather'd from a plant
Nurtur'd by tears and blood; of valiant dead,
Gloriously laid on honour's gory bed,
From whence they look to Heav'n with noble pride:
Of such things I have often heard and read,
"In sorrow, not in anger;" misapplied
Indeed, are words like these to men who thus have died!

LIV.

" Die for thy country! thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize one plank, thyself, and get to shore."
The bard upbraids not thus the hireling tool,
Who fights for sordid pay, and asks no more;
Content to fall as thousands fell before,
And millions will, when he is senseless clay:
But those of nobler natures would implore
To pause, and seriously reflect, if they,
By dying for its sake, a patriot's debt can pay.

LV.

He pays it better, surely, who still lives,
Blessing, and blest; who, in his humble sphere,
To aid the poor his scanty pittance gives,
Befriends the orphan, dries the widow's tear;
Or if by poverty forbade to cheer,
Even with trivial boons, the lot of woe,
By kindness, and by sympathy sincere,
Gives more, perhaps, than affluence can bestow,
To mitigate those griefs the suff'rers only know.

LVI.

And oh! how much of these have war's wide pest,
And those harsh feelings from whence wars arise,
Inflicted upon man! He who, at rest
Under his vine or fig-tree, feasts his eyes
On scenes of peace alone, can sympathize
Imperfectly with all those horrors which
Attend the foul, unnatural sacrifice,
To Moloch offer'd, only to enrich
The blood-stain'd altar plac'd before an idol's niche.

LVII.

We read of battles won, and battles lost,
"The Senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale;"
Our streets are by triumphal arches cross'd,
The rustic quaffs his mug of nut-brown ale;
Pride pours the wine-cup; music fills the gale;
And all to celebrate a feat, which few,
Who thus rejoice, could see, and not turn pale;
Which many could not for a moment view,
Nor cry "Forgive them God! they know not what they do."

LVIII.

Allow me therefore, reader, not to paint
The scene itself, I will not trust so far
My own imperfect powers of verse; too faint
Even to sketch the actual strife of war;
Where dying groans on music's concord jar:
I would but paint a quiet, peaceful scene,
Not meant, methinks, for man himself to mar;
First, in its native loveliness serene;
Last, as it may be found when glory there has been.

LIX.

Come, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale;
Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail
Of first or second childhood; while below
The murm'ring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
Like a sweet under-song, which, in its flow,
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

LX.

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
Its border; — strawberry of the wilderness;
The star-like daisy; violet brightly blue;
Pale primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
Glistens till noon-tide's languid, listless hour;
And last of all, and sweetest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

LXI.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's banks
Up through yon quiet valley; thou wilt trace
Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,
Of bold and varied outline; little space
Below their summits, far above their base,
Umbrageous woods; and, last of all, thine eye
Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place
Of happy human beings; and descry
The lowly temple where they worship the Most High.

LXII.

How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of grey, and mossy stone!
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Its guardian gather'd, — graves, or tombstones strown,
Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,
Who, living, lov'd it as a holy spot;
And, dying, made their deep attachment shown
By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
That so their turf, or stone, might keep them unforgot!

LXIII.

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,
Approaching unto even-tide; and all
Is still except that streamlet's placid tune,
Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's call,
Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,
Which feathers, half way up, each hill's steep side:
Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing thrall;
And wish, if not within its bowers t' abide,
At least to explore its haunts, and know what joys they hide?

LXIV.

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury
Than in its depths, delighted, thou might'st share;
I will not say that nought of agony,
Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,
For man is born to suffer, and to bear:—
But could I go with thee from cot to cot,
And show thee how this valley's inmates fare,
Thou might'st confess, to live in such a spot,
And die there in old age, were no unlovely lot.

LXV.

But time suffices not to loiter so;
Then let us take, as sample of the rest,
That lowly hut, where blooming wall-flowers grow
Above the ivy time has made its vest,
Like glist'ning foam-wreaths on a green wave's crest:
On one side of its porch, poor, old, and weak,
A patriarch sits, in homely raiment drest;
A woman opposite, whose faded cheek,
Though younger far than his, some lines of sorrow streak.

LXVI.

Yet in her form, once beautiful, is seen
Still fair proportion, natural elegance;
And though most matronly is now her mien,
And meekly chasten'd is the downward glance
Of her dark eye, who looks on it, perchance
May well conjecture, from its beauty, how,
Ere grief had dimm'd by painful circumstance
Its lustre, from beneath its arching brow
It sparkled at love's tale, fill'd at affection's vow.

LXVII.

And though that cheek is not, as youth's may be,
In blooming beauty drest, 'tis lovely yet;
And whoso looks upon it, soon may see
That disappointed hope, and keen regret,
Have marr'd, but not effac'd, the charms that met
In softest union on those features mild:
Still may be traced the stamp which nature set
Upon them, when sweet Agnes, then a child,
Here warbled, like a bird, her carols free and wild.

LXVIII.

She lov'd, and married one, who long had been
First playmate, then companion; — only son,
And child, of that old man before her seen;
And for a time existence smoothly run
In a calm current; children many a one
Were theirs, and if not wealth, at least content;
Childless, and widow'd, is she now; for none
Of those rich blessings bounteous Heaven had lent,
Are left to call her own, — one after one they went.

LXIX.

But though it cost poor Agnes many tears
To see first one and then another die
Of those sweet children, loveliest of their peers,
At least they seem'd so in a mother's eye;
And though it was still deeper agony
When the pale messenger the last time came
To call her husband hence; no impious sigh
Impeach'd Omnipotence: she felt His claim
"Who gives, and takes away; and bless'd his holy name!"

LXX.

The woes which God inflicts, he gives the power
To bear; or would, did man but supplicate;
And this the sufferer found; yet many an hour,
Or casual incident, would lay in wait,
As if to make her feel more desolate,
In this her desolation, by the view
Of happy objects, which her stript estate
Renewedly recals; but patience too
Is given to bear them all. This moment proves it true!

LXXI.

Behold, two lovely children now have stray'd
From some near cottage to that bowery tree;
And Agnes sees them coming, half afraid
To trust herself a sight like this to see:
A girl, the eldest, who perhaps may be
Ten summers old, assumes her sagest look,
Sits down, and opens wide upon her knee
Her youngling brother's well-conn'd spelling-book,
Who turns from thence his eye to yonder bubbling brook.

LXXII.

For sweetest flow'rets are up-springing there,
Which he would rather pluck than learn to spell;
But when he hears his teacher's lips declare
That he shall have those flowers he loves so well,
As guerdon of his labour — to compel
His fix'd attention, there requires no more;
The task is learnt, repeated; then pell-mell
They scamper forth amid that shining store;
His pupilage is past, her gravity is o'er.

LXXIII.

Among those flowers the happy playmates quaff
Delight as innocent as flowers are fair;
And Agnes hears the frequent shout, the laugh,
Break on the stillness of the balmy air.
But now a tenderer scene ensues; — look where
The sister quietly resumes her seat
Under that tree of blameless knowledge there,
And hears him, kneeling by her side, repeat
His evening prayer to God, in lisping accents sweet!

LXXIV.

That done, his rosy cheek the guileless boy
Rests on her knee, upturns his eyes to hers,
And glances of affection, truest joy,
Between their hearts are still interpreters.
The sun, meantime, behind those sable firs,
Is softly sinking; but his lingering streak
Is on those lovely children: — zephyr stirs
The glistening locks which hide *his* cherub cheek,
And many a kiss *she* prints, a sister's love to speak!

LXXV.

This is no sight for Agnes to behold
Unmov'd; — nor can she, viewing it, forget
How her own darling us'd to be of old
Just such, and so employ'd. But though regret
May thrill her heart, its better hopes are set
Upon its inward comforter and stay;
She rises up, and going forth, has met
Those young companions on their homeward way;
They know her kindness well, and childhood's greetings pay.

LXXVI.

She kisses each with tenderness, and smiles
As meekness only can, when tears suppress
Are felt — though viewless: — they, with gentle wiles
Of playful innocence, by her carest,
Whom next to their own parents they love best,
Beguile her from herself; — till when they part
Even she is sooth'd, nor thinks her lot unblest,
Since still she can, though tears at seasons start,
Partake in others' joys with no ungrateful heart!

LXXVII.

Why do I linger o'er this portraiture
Of idle fancy? — wherefore — but to show
How much there is of beauty to allure
In peaceful quietude; did man but know,
And knowing, seek, what is most truly so.
O much there is to be most thankful for,
E'en in this world, despite of all its woe,
Would we but love each other, and abhor
Each harsh and cruel thought that leads to strife and war.

LXXVIII.

But to that happy valley turn once more,
When War's destroying angel there has been:—
Had Winter's devastations, on the roar
Of elements, alone, deform'd the scene;
Still, in its ruins, it had worn the mien
Such natural scourges mostly leave behind;
Some of its features yet had smil'd serene,
Ev'n in the absence of all human-kind,
And with our darkest fears a hope might be combin'd.

LXXIX.

Now its once rustic bridge is lopp'd away
By some rude pioneer's regardless stroke;
Each peaceful homestead, blest but yesterday,
A shapeless mass of ruins, black with smoke:
The graceful birch, tall pine, and sturdy oak,
Which bosom'd the sweet hamlet, too, are hewn;
And hideous, maim'd, half putrid corpses choke
The murmuring brook, which, on that afternoon,
Had music in its flow of most delightful tune.

LXXX.

Nor have they spared the solitary tree,
Beneath whose boughs that child her brother taught;—
Agnes, the patient Agnes! where is she?
And her old helpless father? He who caught,
From her meek smiles and accents, feelings fraught
With more than joy. Those lovely children too,
Where are they all? We dare not trust our thought
To tell their tale, nor follow fancy's clue;
Lest e'en the very worst should fearfully prove true.

LXXXI.

Perhaps—but why conjecture? can we guess
Horrors more foul than War itself supplies?
The blood of age staining its silver tress;
Childhood, or fright, or famine's sacrifice;
The ruin'd maiden's unavailing cries:—
All these might be their lamentable lot,
Whose home was late so lovely in our eyes:
We know but this—they were! and *here* are not!
And feel we stand indeed on an ACCURSED SPOT!

LXXXII.

O War! thou art indeed the deadliest curse
Which Heaven can suffer, or the world endure;
However pride thy glories may rehearse,
Or hopes of fame thy votaries may allure.
Volcano, earthquake, pestilence impure,
Are evils; but they poison not the spring
Of thought and feeling: lenient time may cure
Their devastations; but to thine there cling
Resentment, rooted hate, and each unholy thing.

LXXXIII.

"But what," perhaps some reader may exclaim,
Weary at last of this digression long,
"Has War to do with him, who gives its name
And title to thy Poem?"—Am I wrong?
Or are there not an almost countless throng
Of thoughts, to which Napoleon's name gives rise,
Blended with war?—on which the poet's song,
The historian's page, alike should moralize,
If either hope to please the virtuous or the wise?

LXXXIV.

What is Napoleon *now* — admitting all
His former talents, enterprise, and power?
The time has been, nor distant, when the thrall
Of his portentous name made monarchs cower,
And tremble in the proudest palace-tower:
Fate seem'd his fiat, fortune as his guide;
And empire, held by suff'rance, was the dower
Which, when he took unto himself a bride,
He spared an elder throne, with cool, contemptuous pride.

LXXXV.

What is he now? Ten years ago his death
Had spread through Europe with a voice of thunder;
Fame's trump had blazon'd with her loudest breath
The tale; and many a captive, groaning under
The conqueror's yoke, had snapt his chains asunder.
Stupid indifference now supplies the place,
In many minds, of that mute vacant wonder
They then had known, what time they paus'd a space,
Before they deem'd him dead, with solemn doubtful face.

LXXXVI.

He dies upon a surf-surrounded rock!
Far from each court, and every courtly ring;
Far from the fields where once, in battle's shock,
Death stalk'd around him, a familiar thing;
His "*eagle*" long before had furl'd his wing;
His "*star of honour*" set, to rise no more!
Nor could a hope remain that time might bring
Glory to either spell, as heretofore;
Therefore to him the life of life itself was o'er.

LXXXVII.

And we, who of his death the tidings hear,
Receive them as a tale of times gone by,
Which wakes nor joy, nor grief, nor hope, nor fear;
And if in nobler hearts a passing sigh
For *such* a lot reflection may supply,
Few follow up that feeling to its source:
The multitude, with undiscerning eye,
See all around pursue its usual course,
And care not for his death, nor thoughts it should enforce.

LXXXVIII.

But if such life, succeeded by such end,
Be void of interest like a thrice told tale;
If it have nought to "bless mankind, or mend,"
Ponder'd aright, and weigh'd in truth's just scale;
Sermons are useless! homilies must fail!
And man be uninstructed still, because
He WILL NOT LEARN! May wiser thoughts prevail;
And may our better feelings, as we pause
To contemplate his course, teach wisdom's holier laws.

LXXXIX.

Nor could there be a fitter time than this
For genuine friends of peace to vindicate
The truer policy, superior bliss,
Of milder precepts; now when warfare's weight
Has left on each exhausted, weary state,
Its natural burthen — debt; and deeper woes
Than statists can repair or calculate;
While he, whose greatness from false glory rose,
Illustrates, by his lot, the boons which war bestows.

XC.

What can it give of glory, power, and fame, —
And these are toys that make the heart-strings stir
Of those who wish to win a hero's name, —
Which on Napoleon it did not confer?
It made him for a time the arbiter
Of thrones and dynasties; and Fortune smil'd,
As she may do on some who follow her
Believing her existence, — thus beguil'd,
Till in the end they know 'twas but a phantom wild.

XCI.

Can any future conqu'ror vainly hope
Success more brilliant than Napoleon won?
Or think with power's temptations he shall cope,
Nor blindly err as Fortune's child has done?
Let him, with self-distrust, the trial shun.
As darkness comes with night, and light with day,
Power brings temptation; and, of mortals, none
Entering on such a path can safely say,
But so far will I go, and there my steps shall stay.

XCII.

Nor unto kings alone, should such a fall
As thine, Napoleon! timely warning teach;
Though such a striking case may loudly call,
Like Wisdom in the streets, to all, and each;
Preaching, as facts alone have power to preach,
Unwelcome truths. The people too, should learn
Instruction when thus plac'd within the reach
Of even humblest intellect; nor spurn
The lesson it proclaims unto themselves in turn.

XCIII.

"War is a game, which, *were their subjects wise*,
Kings would not play at." Not on kings, alone,
Should rest the censure therefore. Truth supplies,
Conscience admits, when candour cause has shown,
Many apologies for monarchs prone
To this delusive, dangerous foolishness:
They have, like others, passions of their own;
Little they risk,—and feel, and suffer less,
And *see not* what they *cause* of vice, and deep distress.

XCIV.

" War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at." Suffer me *again*,
Reader! to quote a poet whom I prize;
Nor fancy such a repetition vain.
Of pride in kings 'tis folly to complain,
And fling the blame of war upon their *will*,
If those who see its evil, feel its pain,
Instead of striving all they can to kill
This baneful Upas tree, admire its grandeur still.

XCV.

So long as kings have subjects who believe
That war is glorious; peace is insecure!
So long as poets victory's garlands weave,
Or hist'ry's praise to martial fame allure,
Or wealth be won by violence impure,
Or, worst of all, the pulpit shall proclaim
That war is guiltless: elements endure
To foster deeds, which, spite of worldly fame,
Crucify Christ afresh; put him to open shame.

XCVI.

"War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings" COULD "not play at." Reader, mark that word!
And having done so with impartial eyes;
By sophistry and interest undeterr'd,
Inquire how far *thy* folly has concurr'd,
In any way to administer fresh force
Unto this deadly evil. Hast thou stirr'd
One finger to avert its fearful course?
Hast thou e'er thought aright upon its hidden source?

XCVII.

"What! would you then deny a sov'reign's right,
Or cripple the resources of the state?"
I would do neither; in the *Christian's* sight
A *patriot's* duties all will concentrate
To one bright centre! I hold no debate
On Cæsar's dues as paid to Cæsar's throne:
He who imagines I would desecrate
What good men name with deferential tone,
But vilifies my aim: nor libels *me* alone;

XCVIII.

He does a gross injustice to the *cause*
Of THRONE and ALTAR; which fears no appeal
Unto those peaceable and righteous laws
The Prince of Peace descended to reveal,
His life their comment, and his death their seal!
And in *their spirit*, only, I would *win*
Those who most deeply their importance feel,
To trace the progress of this deadly sin
From its polluted source where all its woes begin.

XCIX.

For "Whence come wars and fightings? come they not
From your own lusts?"—Believing this, can we
Blindly imagine that they fling no blot
On Christian faith, and hope, and charity?
If by its fruits we are to know the tree,
Can THAT be fitly call'd the TREE OF LIFE,
Whose foliage Scripture has declar'd to be
For "*healing of the nations*," which is rife
With falsehood, anger, pride, and all unholy strife?

C.

Believe it not: there can be no accord
'Twixt Christ and Belial. Now, as heretofore,
There is "one faith, one baptism, and one Lord!"
That FAITH still works by LOVE; and is no more
Where love is not: that BAPTISM would restore,
Even though it be *of fire*, through LOVE divine;
And that ONE LORD remains, as known of yore,
The high and holy priest of LOVE's pure shrine;
Whose mild response is this: "Your love declares you mine!"

CI.

But some, perhaps, may say, "We know that war
Is anti-Christian; knew it long ago;
And all the wise and virtuous must abhor
The crimes and miseries it inflicts below.
But, while we deprecate its vice and woe,
We can do nothing to avert the pest;
Perhaps in time Almighty Power may show,
By some *new dispensation*, how unblest
Its lawless triumphs are, and give creation rest."

CII.

To this I answer,—Christians cannot need,
And have no right to anticipate on earth,
Another dispensation, law, or creed,
Than that which has already issued forth,
Whose *light* to IMMORTALITY gave birth!
As to the plea that frail and finite man
Can do but little, while we own its worth,
Let us inquire if, on the Gospel plan,
That little has been done? Have *we* done all we can?

CIII.

Let each, to whom the cause of peace is dear,
That cause with patient meekness advocate;
And, in his own immediate humble sphere,
Endeavour that his life may illustrate
His best conceptions of that happier state,
Which meekness, long-forbearance, kindness, love,
Alone can introduce: with calmness wait,
Attempting not in human strength to move
In that which is HIS work, who dwells and reigns above.

CIV.

" There is a might which the world little heeds,
The irresistible armour of the weak,
Who only dare move onwards as God leads;
As He gives utterance, only dare to speak."
These shall experience that unto THE MEEK,
The pillar of whose hopes seems rent and riven,
That holy, pure, inheritance they seek,
By Him, who cannot lie, was long since given;
And in his strength they strive, and patiently have striven.

CV.

Art thou a father? Teach thy sons that *this*
Makes CHRISTIAN HEROES! Made such by his might
Whose peaceful empire is man's perfect bliss;
For easy is his yoke, his burthen light.
Allow them not in infancy to slight
Even trivial acts of natural brotherhood,
And childish kindnesses: stain in their sight
All honours won by waste of human blood,
And teach them those are GREAT, whom GOD hath first
made GOOD!

CVI.

But I must turn me, it is time, to thee,
Who gav'st this verse its title, and its theme:
And doing so, I could desire to be
Preserv'd alike from either rash extreme.
I cannot think upon thee with the esteem
Thy talents should have won thee; and the page,
Which for a *fallen enemy* could teem
With scorn; or with *the dead* its warfare wage;
Would shame the bard, not thee, and unbefit the age.

CVII.

In truth, thou wast not one for common men
To look on with contempt: though not a few
In senates, from the pulpit, with the pen,
Have heap'd upon thee scorn and hatred too;
Denying thee the tribute justly due
To genius, enterprise, and energy:—
Forgetting still, in such distorted view,
They could not these consistently deny,
Without admitting all their absence must imply.

CVIII.

It were, indeed, a dubious compliment
Unto thy foes, such falsehoods to assert,
Because, if unto them we yield assent,
Can sophistry the inference avert,
That nought but imbecility inert,
On their part who oppos'd thee, was thy rise,
And made thee, by degrees, the thing thou wert?
Thou didst not reach this by thy own emprise
Alone; nor was thy fall achiev'd by enemies.

CIX.

From circumstances, complicate in kind,
In part thy marvellous success arose:
These, with no common powers in thee combin'd,
First pav'd thy path; and as with power still grows
Ambition's daring, which not only shows
More to be won; but gives, as sure effect,
The will to win, the pride that scorns repose:
Thou wouldst be of thy fate the architect,
Until thy Babel tower was all in ruins wreck'd.

CX.

Do I exult in this? O! if I do,
It is not in a foe-man's bitter mood;
But as a friend to freedom; in whose view
Thou, as her deadly enemy, hast stood,
Conspicuous in those countless fields of blood,
The sad aceldamas of latter days:
And having been such, then man's general good
Compels me, though I pity while I gaze,
To own the lesson just, a fall like thine displays.

CXI.

But, beyond this, I know no exultation,
Nor have I aught of pleasure in thy fall;
Except in hoping that its contemplation
May teach the world, promote the good of all.
If they who held thee recently in thrall,
Such power *abus'd*, or still remain untaught;
Theirs is a penalty which should appal
The truly noble, viewing, as they ought,
Thee, and themselves in turn, with sober, serious thought.

CXII.

This must be left for time to demonstrate,
And history, in her annals, to declare;
I neither seek to blame, nor vindicate
Thy exile and captivity; nor dare
Pronounce upon the fruit they seem to bear
In others' conduct: — fruitless if they be,
Even Hope herself might for mankind despair;
For those who have learnt nothing, viewing thee,
Possess not hearts that feel, nor eyes that truly see.

CXIII.

Such must acquire instruction in the school
Of sad experience, which makes dearly wise,
Flashing conviction on the veriest fool
Who dupes himself by solemn vanities; —
Unrav'lling all the flimsy sophistries
By which the worldly wise each other cheat;
Yet wiser, sure, is he who so applies
Unto himself the ills that others meet;
Than him who blunders on, untaught by their defeat.

CXIV.

Yet unto thee, Napoleon! once again
I turn with feelings inexpressible;
And, long as may appear this parting strain,
So deeply do I feel the potent spell
Its theme supplies; unwearied I could dwell
On thoughts it wakens: — and I linger yet,
Before I can pronounce a last "farewell!"
Like one before whose mournful gaze is set
A thing he must forego, but not so soon forget.

CXV.

Forget! No, never! Thou hast left behind,
If not a glorious, yet a deathless name;
Which almost seems as if it were design'd
To show the world the nothingness of fame;
And unto ages yet unborn proclaim
That he who builds, in fortune's brightest hour,
And with a master's skill, the monstrous frame
Of arbitrary will, and lawless power,
Toils in a worthless cause, and rears a tottering tower.

CXVI.

Like his, who built his house upon the sands,
Foolishly trusting such foundation sure,
The splendid fabric, rear'd by servile hands
To honour despotism, and allure
The gaze of sycophants, can *not* endure!
When rude adversity's bleak storms descend,
It falls, because its base is insecure;
Unblest alike its origin and end,—
That to no joys gave birth, on *this* no griefs attend.

CXVII.

Thou shouldst have known this; and have ponder'd well,
Before unwieldy empire made thee proud,
That power usurp'd, howe'er it seem'd to swell
Thy strength, was *weakness!* minds remain unbow'd
To slavery's yoke; and, in the dark'ning cloud
Which blacken'd the horizon, still was set
The bow of promise, with a voice endow'd,
Pronouncing calmly words with welcome met,
"The flood shall cease—the dove bring back her olive yet!"

CXVIII.

Since this has been accomplish'd, may the past
  Suffice to teach us wisdom; if it may,
The lesson of thy downfal shall outlast
  All the seduction of thine earlier day;
And thy example strikingly display
  The power of HIM who useth at his will,
With wisdom infinite, man's feeble sway;
  And, making *all* his purposes fulfil,
Is of the world he form'd ALMIGHTY SOVEREIGN still!

MINOR POEMS.

" The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'Tis my delight alone, in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

WORDSWORTH.

TO ELIZA.

I WOULD not, love! prefix a name like thine
To verse that dwelt on ills which flow from strife;
That name is one Affection would entwine
Among those lovelier things that sweeten life.
But these, with feelings of fraternal love,
And with an author's mingled hopes and fears,
These I to THEE would offer—May they prove
Dear to thy heart for "days of other years!"

B. B.

MINOR POEMS.

TO THE SUN.

I.

Monarch of day! once rev'rently ador'd
By virtuous Pagans, if no longer thou
With orisons art worshipp'd, as the lord
Of the delightful lyre, or dreadful bow;
If thy embodied essence be not now,
As it once was, regarded as divine;
Nor blood of victims at thine altar flow,
Nor clouds of incense hover round thy shrine,
Yet fitly may'st thou claim the homage of the Nine.

II.

Nor can I deem it strange, that in past ages
Men should have knelt and worshipp'd thee; that kings,
And laurell'd bards, robed priests, and hoary sages,
Should, far above all sublunary things,
Have turn'd to thee, whose radiant glory flings
Its splendour over all. Ere Gospel light
Had dawn'd, and given to thought sublimer wings,
I cannot marvel, in that mental night,
That nations should obey, and nature own thy right.

III.

For man was then, as now he is, compell'd
By conscious frailties manifold, to seek
Something to worship. In the heart, unquell'd
By innate evil, thoughts there are which speak
One language in Barbarian, Goth, or Greek;
A language by the heart well understood,
Proclaiming man is helpless, frail, and weak,
And urging him to bow to stone, or wood,
Till what his hands had form'd his heart rever'd as good.

IV.

Do I commend idolatry? — O no!
I merely would assert the human heart
Must worship: that its hopes and fears will go
Out of itself, and restlessly depart
In search of somewhat which its own fond art,
Tradition, custom, or sublimer creed
Of Revelation brings, to assuage the smart
With which its inward wounds too often bleed,
When nature's boasted strength is found a broken reed.

V.

Can it be wondrous, then, before the name
Of the ETERNAL GOD was known, as now,
That orisons were pour'd, and votaries came
To offer at thine altars, and to bow
Before an object beautiful as thou?
No, it was natural, in those darker days,
For such to wreathe around thy phantom brow
A fitting chaplet of thine arrowy rays,
Shaping thee forth a form to accept their prayer or praise.

VI.

Even I, majestic Orb! who worship not
The splendour of thy presence, who control
My present feelings, as thy future lot
Is painted to the vision of my soul,
When final darkness, like an awful scroll,
Shall quench thy fires; — even I, if I could kneel
To aught but Him who fram'd this wondrous whole,
Could worship thee; so deeply do I feel
Emotions, words alone are powerless to reveal.

VII.

For thou art glorious! when from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain clouds of purple and vermilion,
Dispensing light and life on every side;
Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
Through glittering mist, opening each dew-gemm'd flower,
Or touching, in some hamlet, far descried,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward tower,
While birds their matins sing from many a leafy bower.

VIII.

And more magnificent art thou, bright Sun!
Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed:
Who, that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
From thy emerging radiance? Upwards sped,
E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,
Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed
Hues indescribable — of gorgeous dye,
Making among the clouds mute, glorious pageantry.

IX.

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep,
The lustre of thy orient path of light!
Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that leap
So lovelily, and show their crests of white,
The eye, unsated, in its own despite,
Still up that vista gazes; till thy way
Over the waters, seems a pathway bright
For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
Man's homage unto HIM who bade thee "RULE THE DAY."

X.

And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,
Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome
The silent worship of the expanding heart
May rise, and seek its own eternal home:
The intervening billows' snowy foam,
Rising successively, seem steps of light,
Such as on Bethel's plain the angels clomb;
When, to the slumb'ring patriarch's ravish'd sight,
Heaven's glories were reveal'd in visions of the night.

XI.

Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty Orb!
Less beautiful: and oh! more touching far,
And of more power thought, feeling to absorb
In silent ecstacy, to me they are;
When, watchful of thy exit, one pale star
Shines on the brow of summer's loveliest eve;
And breezes, softer than the soft guitar,
Whose plaintive notes Castilian maids deceive,
Among the foliage sigh, and take of thee their leave.

XII.

Oh! then it is delightful to behold
Thy calm departure; soothing to survey
Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
The milder pomp of thy declining sway:
How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,
Is shed thy parting smile; how brightly glow
Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,
While silvery mists half veil the trunk below,
And hide the rippling stream that scarce is heard to flow!

XIII.

This may be mere *description;* and there are
Who of such poesy but lightly deem;
And think it nobler in a bard, by far,
To seek in narrative a livelier theme:
These think, perchance, the poet does but dream,
Who paints the scenes most lovely in his eyes,
And, knowing not the joys with which they teem,
The charm their quiet loveliness supplies,
Insipid judge his taste, his simple strain despise.

XIV.

I quarrel not with such. If battle fields,
Where crowns are lost and won; or potent spell
Which portraiture of stormier passion yields;
If such alone can bid their bosoms swell
With those emotions words can feebly tell,
Enough there are who sing such themes as these,
Whose loftier powers I seek not to excel;
I neither wish to fire the heart, nor freeze;
But seek their praise alone, whom gentler thoughts can please.

XV.

But if the quiet study of the heart,
And love sincere of nature's softer grace,
Have not deceiv'd me, these have power to impart
Feelings and thoughts well worthy of a place
In every bosom: he who learns to trace,
Through all he sees, that hand which form'd the whole,
While contemplating fair Creation's face,
Feels its calm beauty ruder thoughts control,
And touch the mystic chords which vibrate through the soul.

XVI.

Majestic Orb! when, at the tranquil close
Of a long day in irksome durance spent,
I've wander'd forth, and seen thy disk repose
Upon the vast horizon, while it lent
Its glory to the kindling firmament,
While clouds on clouds, in rich confusion roll'd,
Encompass'd thee as with a gorgeous tent,
Whose most magnificent curtains would unfold,
And form a vista bright, through which I might behold

XVII.

Celestial visions — Then the wondrous story
Of BUNYAN'S PILGRIMS seem'd a tale most true;
How he beheld their entrance into glory,
And saw them pass the pearly portal through;
Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
Of that bright city, shining like the sun,
Whose glittering streets appear'd of golden hue,
Where spirits of the just, their conflicts done,
Walk'd in white robes, with palms, and crowned every one.

XVIII.

Past is that vision: — Views of heavenly things
Rest not in glories palpable to sense;
To something dearer Hope exulting springs,
With joy chastis'd by humble diffidence;
Not robes, nor palms, give rapture so intense
As thought of meeting, never more to part,
Those we have lov'd on earth; the influence
Of whose affection o'er the subject heart,
Was by mild virtue gain'd, and sway'd with gentle art.

XIX.

Once more unto my theme. I turn again
To Thee, appointed ruler of the day!
For time it is to close this lingering strain,
And I, though half reluctantly, obey.
Still, not thy rise, and set, alone, though they
Are most resplendent, claim thy votary's song;
The bard who makes thee subject of his lay,
Unless he would a theme so glorious wrong,
Will find it one that wakes of thoughts a countless throng.

XX.

For can imagination upward soar
To thee, and to thy daily path on high,
Nor feel, if it have never felt before,
Warm admiration of thy majesty?
Thy home is in the beautiful blue sky!
From whence thou lookest on this world of ours,
As but a satellite thy beams supply
With light and gladness; thy exhaustless powers
Call forth in other worlds sweet Spring's returning flowers!

XXI.

Yes — as in this, in other worlds the same,
The Seasons do thee homage — each in turn:
Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name;
Then Summer woos thy bright, but brief sojourn,
To bless her bowers; while deeper ardours burn
On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art nigh;
And even Winter half foregoes his stern
And frigid aspect, as thy bright'ning eye
Falls on his features pale, nor can thy power deny.

XXII.

Yet though on earth thou hast beheld the sway
Of time, which alters all things; and may'st look
On Pyramids as piles of yesterday,
Which were not in thy youth: although no nook
Of earth, perchance, retain the form it took
When first thou didst behold it: even thou
Must know, in turn, thy strength and glory strook;
Must lose the radiant crown that decks thy brow,
Day's regal sceptre yield, and to a Mightier bow!

XXIII.

For thou thyself art but a thing of time,
Whose birth with thine one awful moment blended;
Together ye began your course sublime,
Together will that course sublime be ended.
For, soon or late, have oracles portended,
One final consummation ye shall meet:
When into nothingness ye have descended,
This mighty world shall melt with fervent heat,
Its revolutions end, its cycle be complete.

XXIV.

And then shall dawn Heaven's everlasting day,
Illum'd with splendour far surpassing thine;
For He who made thee shall HIMSELF display,
And in the brightness of HIS glory shine.
Redeem'd from grief and sin by Love Divine,
Before his throne shall countless thousands bend;
And space itself become one holy shrine,
Whence in harmonious concord shall ascend
To GOD, and to THE LAMB, praise, glory without end!

TO

JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

I.

Bowring! it was an honourable task
From the bleak regions of the north to bear
A wreath, whose beauty well deserv'd to bask
In brighter sunshine, and in balmier air.

II.

And well hast thou perform'd it. Thanks to thee,
Poets, whose names had grated on my ear,
Till thou hadst made them musical to me,
Are now fireside companions, priz'd, and dear.

III.

Derzhavin's noble numbers, soaring high,
Replete with inspiration's genuine force,
And Batiushkov's milder melody,
Warm from domestic pleasure's sweetest source:

IV.

These, and with them names dissonant and dire
To English ears, are now delightful things;
Awakening thoughts congenial to the lyre,
And, better still, hope's warm imaginings.

V.

Yes, hope for the extension of that good
Which cultivated taste and thought dispense;
For these, if rightly train'd, and understood,
Must nourish virtue and benevolence.

VI.

Therefore do I rejoice: believing this,
That poesy's enchanting art was given
To be, on earth, the source of blameless bliss,
And cherish thoughts which lift the soul to heaven.

VII.

Nor am I lonely in this cheerful creed,
For thou art one who know'st the purer power
Of lofty song, and I have heard thee plead,
With eloquence, the Muses' noblest dower.

VIII.

Not for its literary worth alone,
Hast thou, with generous emulation, brought
This flow'ry wreath from Russia's frigid zone;
To thee with deeper charms its bloom was fraught.

IX.

A heart like thine delightedly must dwell
Upon those liberal feelings, tranquil joys,
Which, in the peasant's cottage, student's cell,
May bless the mind that thus its power employs.

X.

Thou couldst not but rejoice to find in haunts,
"Where Winter sits upon his throne of snow,"
Those thoughts and feelings Nature kindly plants
In hearts that stifle not her genial glow.

XI.

To thee it was refreshing to behold,
In realms where slav'ry mars man's better powers,
Those germs of mind, thus vent'ring to unfold,
Which may hereafter burst in beauteous flowers;

XII.

Flowers of delightful fragrance; fit to twine
Around the capitals in Freedom's fane;
When Freedom there shall find an honour'd shrine,
And knowledge break the links of slav'ry's chain.

XIII.

Russia may yet be free! Nor frigid clime,
Nor autocrat's decrees, can e'er impede
Of mental energy the march sublime;
Its glorious records he who runs may read.

XIV.

In rising states, if pure each hidden source
Of knowledge, and of freedom, every hour
Aids their resistless, animating course;
Strong, in the weakness of opposing power.

XV.

Triumphant, not through force of arms, but by
The power of truth, the silent lapse of time;
Bloodless and glorious is their victory,
The fame their votaries win — indeed sublime.

XVI.

And well may thy benignant bosom feel
That such achievements richly merit more
Than to be hail'd by trumpet's loudest peal,
Or echoing artillery's thundering roar.

XVII.

They should hand down the deathless names of those
Who may accomplish them, to distant years;
Adorn'd with brightness truth alone bestows;
Renown unpurchased but by grateful tears.

XVIII.

Russia some future Alfred yet may boast,
Whose deeds may truly dignify her throne;
She yet may own of honour'd names an host,
And shine, the glory of a frigid zone.

XIX.

Meanwhile be thine the praise of having borne
Some of her early flowers of poesy
To blossom in a region less forlorn,
" Beneath our Albion's more benignant sky."

TO

C. B. T.

I.

High hopes, and noble thoughts, are thine;
These Fortune could not take,
Nor would her gifts adorn the shrine
That such will not forsake.
Defying Fate's and Fortune's will;
What first was fair, is glorious still.

II.

But what is Fortune? what is Fate?
The Christian knows them not:
He knows a Being, good as great,
Controls his earthly lot:
No fabled phantom's vain caprice
Assails his joy, or mars his peace.

III.

What though, dear Charles! thy morn so bright,
Ere noon be somewhat shaded:
Its tenderest bloom, its truest light,
Remain undimm'd, unfaded:
These brightly shine, and sweetly glow,
And, keeping them, how rich art thou!

IV.

Before I met thee, what I heard
Had waken'd vain regret,
And sympathy within was stirr'd
For thee; but, when we met,
I should have blush'd to own that I
Had ever thought of sympathy.

V.

I could have look'd at thee, my friend!
With envy and with pride,
But names so odious ill may blend
With feelings gratified:
And mine were such, for I was taught
To bless thee, in my inmost thought.

VI.

Whom the Lord loveth, in his love
He chasteneth. Every son
Adopted by our Sire above,
That sonship thus hath won:
Nor was the chastisement severe
Which left thee much most truly dear.

VII.

Am I too serious? surely not:
If so, what may we trust?
Hast thou not chosen as thy lot
An office most august?
And enter'd on its functions, now,
Where much should sanctify each vow?

VIII.

The altar where thou minist'rest,
The walls that echo round
Each syllable by thee express'd,
Stand they on holy ground?
It is regarded so by thee,
In one sense it is such to me.

IX.

Forgive me if I honour not,
As thou may'st, outward things;
Or if, while standing on such spot,
My recollection clings
To one, whose memory, in my sight,
Eclipses the most splendid rite.

X.

No consecrating ritual's art,
No anthem's echoing peal,
Could, to the feelings of my heart,
That hidden spell reveal,
Which, though *thy* creed is not *my own*,
Here wakens thought's sublimest tone.

XI.

Thy creed not mine! the thought recal;
Its essence is the same;
On truths most awful unto all,
We differ but in name:
And these enjoin us to revere
A spot by martyr'd worth made dear.

XII.

Not to revere, as may have been
The case in days gone by,
With superstition's darken'd mien;
But with a heavenward eye
To Him, the Giver of all good,
For whom *that martyr* nobly stood.

XIII.

Thou bear'st his NAME; thou standest where
He stood; — his worth recal;
May'st thou his deep devotion share,
On thee his mantle fall:
For unto it more virtue clings
Than to the ermin'd robes of kings!

TO

C. H. TOWNSEND,

ON HIS VERSES TO THE SETTING SUN, INCLUDED IN THE VOLUME OF HIS POEMS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

I.

Yes! Bard of Nature's vesper hour,
Of day's superb decline;
There are who own its thrilling power
With feelings such as thine.

II.

Who view that orb as thou hast done,
When sinking from our skies;
Who, when his westward goal is won,
Gaze there with wistful eyes.

III.

Were it not thus, thy touching lay
By none were understood,
Nor would it human bosoms sway
To thought's most soothing mood.

IV.

But breathing, as it does, a tone
To Nature's votaries dear,
It falls with magic all its own
Upon the spirit's ear.

V.

And on their hearts, whose eyes have dwelt
On day's declining light,
Its gentle music seems to melt
Like softest dews of night;

VI.

Which nourish by their genial powers
The meadow's emerald green,
The loveliness of languid flowers,
The charm of every scene.

VII.

And thus it surely ought to be;
Still, in these worldly days,
There are who have not bow'd the knee
In Mammon's venal praise.

VIII.

Who have not barter'd mind's true health,
Feeling's exhaustless dower,
Imagination's glorious wealth;
For riches, pomp, or power!

IX.

These love, unto the world unknown,
To live in Nature's eye;
And, feeling Nature's God their own,
In peace with Him to die!

X.

To them, in ocean, sky, and air,
Exist unnumber'd spells;
In every thing, and every where,
One mighty Spirit dwells!

XI.

His brightness makes more truly bright
The beauty of the morn;
When dew-drops, gemm'd by rays of light,
Bespangle every thorn.

XII.

The stillness of the noontide hour
Is Nature's silent hymn
To GOD; without whose mighty power
Her splendours all were dim.

XIII.

And, in the Sun's serene decline,
Its loveliest hues reprove
Those who can view its beams benign,
Nor feel that "GOD IS LOVE!"

XIV.

Who, gazing on the Sun's last beams,
Feels not that they impart
More than the Poet's sweetest dreams,
Or proudest works of art?

XV.

He seems to say, "Fair world, adieu!
"I have fulfill'd my trust,
"And given my glorious light unto
"The just, and the unjust.

XVI.

" My bounty may have been abus'd,
" Unfelt, or unconfess'd ;
" And all my glory but *amus'd*
" Hearts which it should have bless'd.

XVII.

" But I reproach not: yet one more
" Last effort would I make,
" And win the thoughtless to adore
" Our Maker, for my sake!"

XVIII.

And then, magnificently bright,
Benignantly serene ;
All that can lure the wond'ring sight,
Gives beauty to the scene.

XIX.

Well might'st thou, Minstrel! own how weak
The power that words supply;
Well might " a smile be on thy cheek,"
" A tear be in thine eye."

XX.

For, oh! the most subduing power,
The most harmonious tone,
Of such an harmonizing hour
Can but *in thought* be known.

XXI.

But unto thought that Sun then seems
A type and emblem true
Of HIM who gave its brightest beams,
Its softest radiance too.

XXII.

Like HIM, it sheds its warmth and light
On all that breathes and lives;
Though they forgetfully may slight
What hour by hour it gives.

XXIII.

Like Him, before its beams depart,
On eyes long turn'd away,
It opens scenes to touch the heart,—
Would man confess their sway.

XXIV.

And those who own their deepest spell,
With thoughts that upward soar,
Feeling far more than words can tell,
Must silently adore!

•

[While this sheet is passing through the press, a notice of Townsend's Poems in the Monthly Review has fallen in my way: in it the Reviewer observes, "Mr. Townsend writes like a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet." On his claims to the two former characters, however consonant to my feelings, I do not affect to offer an opinion; for his poetry, I return him, most cordially, my thanks.]

STANZAS

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

I.

'Tis Autumn! and the short'ning day,
The chilly evening's sober gray,
And winds that hoarser blow;
The fading foliage of the trees,
Which rustles here in every breeze,
The approach of Winter show.

II.

Adieu to those more cheerful hours,
Spent amid Spring's unfolding flowers,
Or Summer's soothing shade;
A few short weeks, — and then adieu
To fields and groves of changeful hue,
By Autumn's hand array'd!

III.

But welcome — welcome unto Thee!
Whose undisputed sov'reignty
Must briefly be confess'd;
Who, though thou wear'st a look austere,
Of all the seasons of the year
By me art lov'd the best.

IV.

I own that I shall somewhat miss
The quiet and secluded bliss
Autumnal eves supply:
When meadow, valley, hill, and grove,
Disclose, to those who o'er them rove,
A harvest for the eye!

V.

And deeper is the hush'd delight,
When, with her mild and mellowing light,
The full-orb'd moon on high
In gentle majesty comes forth,
Shedding her beauty on the earth,
Her glory through the sky.

VI.

Yes; I have felt the charm serene,
Yielded by such delightful scene;
Yet not the less I prize,
Stern Winter! pleasures all thy own,
Or which, in fullest zest, are known
Beneath thy frowning skies.

VII.

Even abroad, thy short-liv'd day
At times will loveliness display,
To me as truly dear,
As that, more palpable to sense,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, can dispense,
To deck the changeful year.

VIII.

How beautiful thy frosty morn,
When brilliants gem each feathery thorn!
How fair thy cloudless noon!
And through the leafless trees, at night,
With more than Summer's soften'd light,
Shines thy resplendent moon.

IX.

To me thy snowy landscapes teem
With beauty, though no sunny beam
  Illume their aspect chill;
They have a beauty to the heart;
In the deep quiet they impart
  Stillness appears more still!

X.

But thou hast other joys than these,
Which *they* can scarcely fail to seize
  Who most improve thy sway;
Joys which are found and felt within,
And home-born pleasures, that begin
  With thy departing day.

XI.

Thou gath'rest round the cheerful fire
Daughter and Mother, Son and Sire;
  Names which themselves express
Some of our nature's dearest ties;
Whose influence to the heart supplies
  Its choicest happiness.

XII.

Yes; " King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments!" stormy nights
But aid thy potent thrall;
Thou holdest then thy regal court,
With tale and converse, laugh and sport,
Christmas, thy Carnival!

XIII.

But from each jocund festive scene,
Whose charms delightfully have been
Described in many a strain,
I turn me to the silent cell
Of him who feels that hidden spell
Which binds the Muses' train.

XIV.

Look in that room, if it may be
So term'd, where little room we see;
And mark the medley there;
With scraps of paper, scribbled o'er,
Strew'd are the table, desk, and floor,
And one else vacant chair.

XV.

Its master in the other sits;
Ransacks his memory, racks his wits
For simile, or rhyme;
Now writes a line, now rubs it out;
Now o'er another hangs in doubt;
Nor heeds, nor thinks of time.

XVI.

Turn'st thou from such a scene with scorn,
Reader! or does such lot forlorn
Thy sympathy awake?
The former he would scarcely heed;
The latter might too fondly feed
A flame 'twere wise to slake.

XVII.

'Tis past the noon of night, and yet
He seems, while writing, to forget
The silent lapse of hours;
And that a tenement of clay,
Prone to derangement and decay,
Contains his mental powers.

XVIII.

But he is happy, *for the time*,
Thus bodying forth in simple rhyme
  Feelings and thoughts, which seem
To bring before his spirit's eye
Scenes, objects, persons, long gone by,
  Each, in its turn, his theme.

XIX.

Not "cribb'd in, cabin'd, and confin'd,"
By that small closet's bounds, his mind,
  In winter's long dark night,
Unfolds its wings; and fancy flies
Where landscapes, under summer-skies,
  Bask in its sunshine bright.

XX.

Perhaps some haunt, to boyhood dear,
Unvisited for many a year,
  In fancy he surveys;
Or, dearer still, he seems to greet
Those whom in thought 'tis joy to meet,
  The friends of former days.

XXI.

He holds delightful converse, too,
With some whom he no more may view,
The lov'd, the long-since dead;
Yet such exist to him, thus brought
Before the vision of his thought,
Though they from earth are fled.

XXII.

What is to him, in such an hour,
The frown which may hereafter lower
Upon a critic's brow?
It *then* may mortify his pride,
Or be with keener pangs supplied;
But it is harmless now.

XXIII.

For he but fancies, now, how such
A thought, or sentiment, may touch
The fancy, or the heart
Of friend, or more than friend, from whom
He, by life's chance, or darker doom,
Has long liv'd far apart.

XXIV.

Perhaps a half-encourag'd thrill
Of hope, more elevated still,
May cause a transient glow;
Thoughts undefinable, which seek
For words in vain; *he* dares not speak
Of what to him they show.

XXV.

They whisper to his willing ear,
(Who se could be clos'd to sounds so dear?)
That when his mortal frame
Shall be to kindred dust consign'd,
He yet may hope to leave behind
The relic of a name!

XXVI.

A name, not held in splendid trust
By trophied urn, or sculptur'd bust,
'Mid statesmen's, chiefs', and kings',—
But one that some few hearts may prize,
When death has darkly seal'd his eyes,
Among their cherish'd things.

XXVII.

Not as the name of one who soar'd
To realms or regions unexplor'd;
But who was well content
To trace those humbler veins of thought
And feeling, which to him were fraught
With pleasures innocent.

XXVIII.

And thus is he absorb'd, and this
To him is intellectual bliss;
By sympathy intense
To feel that intercourse which binds
Heart unto heart; with other minds
To hold intelligence.

XXIX.

" Luckless enthusiast! enjoy,
As best thou mayst, thy fond employ;
Give thought and fancy scope:
Explore imagination's source;
And hold delightful intercourse
With that sweet flatterer — Hope!

XXX.

" But know thou this! the dreams that bless
These hours of silent loneliness,
So cherish'd by thy heart—
Have little in them to engage
Those who, on life's more busy stage,
Perform an active part.

XXXI.

" Can retrospections of the past,
Before existence was o'ercast
By vain anxiety,
Be priz'd by any, but the few
Who oft look back, with pensive view,
To cloudless infancy?

XXXII.

" Can those lov'd haunts, which muse of thine
Would give in artless verse to shine,
By tourists all unknown;
Delightful as they are to thee,
In other eyes expect to be
Lovely, as in thine own?

XXXIII.

" Can passions chasten'd, feelings curb'd,
Thoughts, by no feverish dreams disturb'd,
Aspire to gratify
Those, whom 'twere easier to beguile
By writhing lips, demoniac smile,
And lightning of the eye?

XXXIV.

" Or, ' last, not least;' what chance is thine
'Mid loftier votaries of the Nine,
Who fill the trump of Fame;
That thou the idle wish shouldst own,
By rank, wealth, fashion, all unknown,
To raise thyself a name?

XXXV.

" Resign the bootless task! nor keep
Those wakeful eyes from balmy sleep;
Leave, leave thy close-pent room!
Curtail not thy brief span of life,
By useless, thankless, hopeless strife;
Oblivion is thy doom!

XXXVI.

" But 'tis in vain! Then fare thee well!
I can but mourn that such a spell
Resistless seems to be:
Yet, since it is so, may thy toil
Repay thee with an ampler spoil
Than mine e'er brought to me.

XXXVII.

" And may those purer hopes, that cheer
Thy winter evenings, else most drear,
Not pass like phantoms by;
But mayst thou, when to earth consign'd,
Some blameless record leave behind,
Which shall not wholly die!"

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF A VOLUME OF CHARLES LLOYD'S POETRY.

READER! if thou wouldst know the genuine worth
Of the rich treasures that await thee here,
Thou first must have thy mental eye and ear
Anointed, and unseal'd; must know the birth
Of better feelings than belong to earth,
And breathe in thought's sublimer atmosphere:
Be such thy mood, and thou wilt find no dearth
Of pure delight, thy heart may long hold dear.
But if thou art a worldling, and hast never
Felt joys and sorrows, which are not of TIME,
But born of feelings that *must be* FOR EVER!
Betake thee to some more amusing rhyme,
Which has no shadowy clouds for light to sever,
Nor holds high colloquy with thoughts sublime!

BENHALL.

A SONNET.

BENHALL! although I have not lately sought,
As I had purpos'd, thy delightful shades,
Their charms survive; and oft by memory's aids,
In living beauty are before me brought.
No breeze that sweeps their flowers with perfume fraught;
Nor sun, nor moon-beam, whose soft light pervades
The coy recesses of thy loveliest glades,
Sweeter, or fairer, than thou art to thought!
Yet, not thy scenery only thus endears.
Thy memory,—deeper spell remains behind:
Rich art thou in the lore of long-past years,
The songs of bards, whose brows by Fame are twin'd
With deathless bays: and, worthy such compeers,
A poet of thy own—of taste refin'd.

SONNET.

TO

AUGUSTA M———.

It was a beautiful and balmy day,
When I was privileg'd with Thee to roam
The maze of fairy-land which guards thy HOME,
Nor will its memory lightly pass away.
A sonnet's narrow bounds can ill portray,
Nor could a fashionably printed tome
Of slender size, how lovelily heaven's dome,
Earth's softest charms, shone forth in sweet display!
O! many an object which then met my view,
Memory has since by her delightful thrall,
In brighter tints than its then lovely hue
Of sabbath sunshine, failed not to recal;
And with them, evermore, are present too
Thou, and thy happy boy, my guides through all!

TO

******* *******, ESQ.

I.

CAN I publish a volume of verse, and refrain
From recording one tribute to thee,
Who hast long been, in moments of pleasure and pain,
Unchang'd in thy friendship to me?

II.

O, no! though forbidden to utter thy name,
But one thought of it seems to give birth
To each wish the most grateful affection can frame,
In rememb'ring thy kindness and worth.

III.

How can I be silent? In deserts forlorn
The flowers ope their leaves to the Sun,
Whose beams give them beauty and life every morn,
Though their homage be witness'd by none.

IV.

And though night-dews, which foster their fragrance, may seem
All unthought-of to fall from the sky,
Yet their pearl-drops, emblazon'd by morning's glad beam,
Will betray them when night have pass'd by.

V.

Thus hearts, which in friendship's warm sun-shine have flourish'd,
Must revive when its brightness appears;
And feelings its soft dews have silently nourish'd
Must break forth,—if it be but in tears.

VI.

And this rude harp of mine, if I dar'd not to pour
For thy virtues the song I now frame,
Might, touch'd by the murmuring breezes, say more,
And reproachfully whisper *thy name!*

TO

THE AUTHOR OF " MAY YOU LIKE IT."

I.

No vulgar boon does he bestow,
Who thus to manhood's stormy strife
Recals those feelings, whose first glow
Blest early life.

II.

O, many a blast has blighted mine!
Yet seem'd I, as I linger'd o'er
These pages which develop thine,
To feel once more!

III.

To feel how holy is the dower
Of love, and truth, and tenderness;
How godlike is their gentle power
The heart to bless.

IV.

Thou art not one of those who deem
That all our nature's dearest ties
Are things which, on the Gospel scheme,
Man should despise.

V.

Thou wouldst unto religion give
Each winning charm, that can supply
Our happiness while here we live,
Hope — when we die.

VI.

Believing that the human heart
To him who made it still is dear,
Thou wouldst allure its better part
By love sincere.

VII.

Even in many — stain'd by sin,
Lost, in the rigid bigot's sight,
Thou seest a feeling yet — to win,
Which *would do right!*

VIII.

Thou know'st how such, at times, recal,
With bitterness of soul, the past;
And how they loathe, at times, the thrall
Which binds them fast.

IX.

And thou wouldst gently loose each bond,
By painting, to their wistful view,
Feelings as tender, pure and fond,
As once they knew.

X.

Then, while contrition melts the heart,
And purer joys the hopes allure,
'Tis thine, with blameless, childish art,
To point the cure.

XI.

Well—" He who winneth souls is wise;"
Wise in that wisdom from above,
Which to the wrath of man replies
That " God is love!"

XII.

And he who labours thus may prove,
Though some may wonder at his weakness,
The *power* that lurks in *simple love*,
The *might* of *meekness!*

TO

A ROBIN.

I.

Mild melodist! whose artless note,
At foggy eve, at chilly morn,
From nature's quiet haunts remote,
Here seems a harmony forlorn;
Fain would I give thee, for thy song,
A carol simple as thy own;
For thou, sweet bird! awak'st a throng
Of thoughts which rise for thee alone.

II.

It is not that thy lay is fraught
With music, like the sky-lark's strain,
Or nightingale's, so sweetly caught
By listening ear, in midnight's reign;
Nor has thy note that deeper sound,
O which my heart has felt the thrall,
When I have heard, from groves profound,
The lone wood-pigeon's frequent call.

III.

But these, each one, and all, give vent
To song, where song is wont to flow;
Thou, thou art sweetly eloquent,
With nothing near to wake that glow
Of music, in the haunts of men,
Which, amid buildings cluster'd round,
From time to time arrests my pen,
And makes me listen to its sound.

IV.

Oh! hearts that feel, and eyes that see
All as it truly is, can find,
Ev'n in an object mean as thee,
Food for the meditative mind:
But thus it is,—we close our hearts,
Our ears, our eyes, to things which, view'd
With the keen sense that truth imparts,
Might fill our souls with gratitude.

V.

And this absurd and frigid pride,
By which our nature is disgrac'd,
Philosophy has dignified
With the proud name of manly taste.
It seems a proof of childishness
Thy song to love, thy praise to speak,
And he who should its power confess
Must be the weakest of the weak.

VI.

Well! be it so:—if life have taught
To me one truth distinctly clear,
'Tis this, that unto wakeful thought
The humblest source of joy is dear.
The lowliest object that can wake
Our better feelings by its power,
The minstrel for his theme may take,
In contemplation's musing hour.

VII.

Canst thou not waken such, sweet bird?
Yes; while I listen to thy lay,
Thought's hidden stream again seems stirr'd
By breezes, which were wont to play
Over its current's dimpled course,
As once it flow'd so sweetly wild,
In happy childhood, when its source
Was by no worthless weeds defiled.

VIII.

For then thy song to me express'd
All I conceiv'd of harmony;
And the red plumage of thy breast
Was beautiful to childhood's eye.
While tales, by infancy held dear,
Of funeral rites by thee perform'd,
Made, what was music to my ear,
A spell that deeper feelings warm'd.

IX.

And since thou now bring'st back again
The memory of such hours to me,
Shall I, beguil'd by that sweet strain,
Blush for this tribute paid to thee?
No, never! if on wisdom's plan,
(All worldly precepts far above,)
" The child be father of the man,"
I justly owe thee praise and love.

X.

But not for me, alone, thy song
Dost thou at eve and morn awake;
On other ears, amid this throng
Of buildings, it may sweetly break:
Bed-ridden age, perchance, may hear
Those soft and simple strains of thine;
And scenes, and hours long past, may cheer
Its grief, as they have lighten'd mine.

XI.

One more reflection yet remains;
Or wise, or foolish, 'twill intrude;
I trace in thee, and in thy strains,
My own, my song's similitude.
Like thee, in scenes adverse to song,
I act the minstrel's humble part;
Like thine, my numbers, weak or strong,
Nor seek, nor own the aid of art.

XII.

And I, methinks, were well content,
Like thee, to be by most unheeded,
If with my artless strains there went,
As with thy own, a charm that pleaded
For NATURE, TENDERNESS, and TRUTH,—
Which childhood's innocence possesses,
Which beautify e'en blooming youth,
And honour age's silver tresses.

DEATH.

I.

Since time the awful hour will bring
Which must receive our parting breath;
'Tis no unwise, or useless thing
To fix our earnest thoughts on Death.

II.

To place before our mental view
A crisis — which we cannot shun,
When we, in bidding Time adieu,
Shall find Eternity begun.

III.

It must an awful summons prove,
E'en to the best, — to leave behind
All we have found to cheer, to love,
In human life, in human kind!

IV.

Then, in the looks of those around,
Who never seem'd so dear before,
Doubt has a silent answer found,
And feels that earthly hope is o'er.

V.

Then, spite of fond affection's thrill,
That fain would linger—follow fast
The dizzy faintness,—sick'ning chill,
Which lead us onward—to THE LAST!

VI.

The filmy eye, with vacant gaze,
Views not the things it rests upon;
The fluttering pulse more feebly plays,
And feeling, hearing, sense—are gone.

VII.

If hands are clasp'd, the heart, unstirr'd
By that last pressure, feels no glow;
If sobs are indistinctly heard,
The ear their meaning does not know.

VIII.

Thus dead unto " the life of life,"
All it can give we feel no more,
But wait the last unconscious strife,—
And soon that struggle, too, is o'er.

IX.

Is this a scene we all must prove
In the short lapse of days or years?
And round our couch the friends we love
Thus pour their unavailing tears?

X.

No — Faith dispels the awful gloom,
And bids the mourner's weeping eyes
Behold, from yonder bursting tomb,
The Sun of Righteousness arise.

XI.

No more on man's expiring hour
Impervious clouds of darkness fall;
Death has now lost his boasted power,
Nor dares the ransom'd victim thrall.

XII.

Why should we fear his transient sway,
Since JESUS broke the tyrant's chain?
Because He lives, our slumb'ring clay
Shall wake to light and life again.

XIII.

Oh, who may hope that awful hour,
That righteous Judge in peace to meet?
They who on earth confess'd his power,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

XIV.

Weak though they are, by nature frail,
Hopes, fix'd on him, their hearts possess;
Faith bids them look within the veil,
And Christ becomes their righteousness.

XV.

Can I such blissful state attain,
Who, long in doubt and darkness bound,
Have felt that all my works are vain
As tinkling cymbals' empty sound?

XVI.

Yes — for in conscious weakness springs
Sincerest trust in Power Divine;
Then rest beneath His guardian wings,
And hope, and faith, and peace, are thine.

XVII.

No more than *this* I ask, or need,
Secure, since near th' eternal throne
He ever lives, and still will plead
For all who his dominion own.

XVIII.

On Him then cast each anxious care,
To Him thy secret griefs confide;
His hand shall point the latent snare,
And aid thee when severely tried.

XIX.

And when life's closing hour draws nigh,
May no vain fears thy bosom chill,
But, though unseen by mortal eye,
That heavenly guide be with thee still.

XX.

Oh, be it thus! and visions bright,
Blest foretaste of a life divine,
Triumphant songs, and crowns of light,
The parting soul may well resign.

XXI.

I would not o'er a brighter mind
Than I can boast, a shadow fling;
Nor would I doubt the bliss they find
Whose dying lips can praises sing.

XXII.

But unto me earth's holiest hymn
Would float, I fear, unheeded by,
When earth itself was growing dim,
And '*things unseen*' were drawing nigh.

XXIII.

Nor, if I now can rightly view
What my own feelings then may be,
Could aught that man might say, or do,
Afford availing strength to me.

XXIV.

The most that I presume to think,
Through boundless mercy, may be mine,
When plac'd on being's trembling brink,
Is humble trust in grace Divine.

STOKE HILLS.

I.

It may be lovely, from the height
  Of Skiddaw's summit, moss'd and grey,
To feed the inexhausted sight
  On the magnificent array
  Which such a prospect must display:
On Keswick's lowly, peaceful vale;
  On Derwentwater's scatter'd isles;
  On torrents, bright with morning's smiles,
Or mark'd by mist-wreaths pale.

II.

I never gaz'd on such a scene;
Yet, if I give my fancy wings,
I half could think I there had been,
By force of her imaginings;
She in such witching beauty brings
The landscape to my mental eye;
I feel almost as if I stood
In its romantic solitude,
Beneath a cloudless sky.

III.

But not in the exultant bliss
Of such a fascinating hour,
Hath scenery sublime as this,
Where lakes expand, and mountains tower,
Upon my heart so deep a power,
Or wakes in it such tender thrills,
As when, immers'd in busy thought,
And reveries by Memory brought,
I stand upon STOKE HILLS.

IV.

It is not that the landscape there
Can vie with Skiddaw's ampler scope;
Nor can Stoke Hills, so soft and fair,
With Cumbria's giant mountain cope:
What seest thou, standing on their slope,
Or loftiest eminence, to fill
The eye with rapture, or the mind
With transports, that thou might'st not find
On many another hill?

V.

Outstretch'd beneath, indeed, may be,
In loveliness diversified—
A prospect beautiful, which he
Who has most frequently descried,
Still finds with many a charm supplied,
And lingers, as if loath to leave it;
Whether it bask in morning's glow,
Or evening's shades, succeeding slow,
Of softer charms bereave it.

VI.

But a mere town, a pond, a river,
And meadows, sprinkled o'er with trees,
Whose light leaves in the sunshine quiver,
When stirr'd by each low, rustling breeze,—
Such objects, though they well may please
A heart that unto beauty clings;
Yet could not, of themselves, excite
Emotions, dearer than delight,
The well-known prospect brings.

VII.

O! nothing is more true than this;
It is not through the *eye* alone
We gather either bale or bliss,
From scenes which it may gaze upon:
Their sweetest tint, their deepest tone,
That which most saddens or endears,
Is shed on them by thoughts and feelings,
Which rise, at Memory's still revealings,
From dreams of former years!

VIII.

The scenes that met our early gaze,
The very turf we trod on then,
The trees we climb'd; as fancy strays
Back to those long-past hours again,
Revive, and re-appear, as when
The soul with sorrow kept no strife;
But, in its first imaginings,
Unfurl'd its own ethereal wings,
And sprang to light and life.

IX.

Can ev'n the bright and fairy dreams
Of fiction wrought in poesy;
Or visions, with which fancy teems,
Of love, in love's idolatry,
Compare with childhood's memory?
No! these, ev'n when most pure their birth,
Have something in their loveliest guise,
Which, half instinctively, implies
They are of lower earth.

X.

But the soul is not: — some, indeed,
Have said, that ere on earth it came,
(As by a power Divine decreed,)
To animate this mortal frame,
It pre-existed, still the same;
And more will own to man is given
A spirit, whose young life within,
Ere tamper'd with by conscious sin,
Was fed by thoughts from heaven!

XI.

And its first joys, and hopes, and fears,
Were such as never more can meet
A parallel in after years;
Well may their memories be sweet!
'Tis more than earthly bliss to greet
Even a silent thought — which brings
Some token by its soothing powers,
It comes back from those happier hours,
With healing on its wings.

XII.

Then wonder not that I prefer
  Such scene to Skiddaw's prouder height;—
It is a still interpreter
  Of more than meets the outward sight;
  I look through vistas far more bright,
More fair, than outward vision gives;
  And feel, when plac'd on such a spot,
  My spirit's present griefs forgot,
As in THE PAST it lives!

THE GRAVE.

I.

I LOVE to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

II.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

III.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

IV.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful scite;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.

V.

The showers descend as softly there,
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moonlight seem more fair
On Beauty's sweetest bowers.

VI.

"Ay! but within—within there sleeps
One, o'er whose mould'ring clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."

VII.

And what of that? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

VIII.

Once more upon my musing strain
A voice appears to break:—
"But if he sleep to rise again!
Should that no awe awake?"

IX.

And yet, perhaps, the voice that now
Thus breaks on fancy's ear,
When life was thron'd upon that brow,
Spake not one word of fear.

X.

But *now*, when fear and hope are things
Which can do nought to save;
Each starts to life, and vainly clings
Around the silent grave.

XI.

'Tis strange! we know we live—to die!
And die—again to live!
Yet, while these truths might good supply,
We slight what they would give.

XII.

But, were we wise, our serious thought
Beside the spot we fear,
Might make it one with blessings fraught,
To hallow'd feelings dear.

XIII.

To have it such, we must not view
That spot with slavish dread;
Nor paint in fancy's darkest hue
The chambers of the dead.

XIV.

A grave-yard is a school to teach
The living how to live;
And has a silent power to preach,
Which pulpits cannot give.

XV.

But its most eloquent appeal
Is not to FEAR alone;
To hearts that deeply, justly feel,
It has a gentler tone.

XVI.

A tone too gentle far to break
On ears that hearken not!
But known to hearts that inly ache
To share that quiet spot.

XVII.

To such it says, "With patience bear
Your load of life awhile;
With meek submission shun despair,
And view me with a smile.

XVIII.

"If friends desert, if foes oppress,
But brief their power can be;
Look unto HIM, whose love can bless,
Triumphant over me.

XIX.

"To those by Him redeem'd, my bed
Is softer far than down:
Here you may rest the aching head,
Nor heed each worldly frown.

XX.

" Enfolded in my calm embrace,
The heart can heave no sigh;
The mournful glance no longer trace
' Unkindness' alter'd eye*.'

XXI.

" No more upon the wounded ear
Reproach or taunt can fall;
Nor accents cold, from friends once dear,
The keenest pang of all!

XXII.

" No longer tutor'd lips must feign
The smile more sad than tears;
Here cheeks are pale, but not with pain,
Hearts cold, but not with fears.

XXIII.

" To them who die in peace with Heaven,
Its gates of pearl I ope;
And am, like ACHOR'S VALLEY, given
To be THE DOOR OF HOPE!"

* GRAY.

TO

MRS. HEMANS.

I.

LADY! if I for thee would twine
The IVY-WREATH, can feeling trace
No cause why, on a brow like thine,
The Muse might fitly place
Its verdant foliage — "never sere,"
Of glossy, and of changeless hue?
Ah! yes, there is a cause most dear
To truth, and nature too.

II.

It is not that it long hath been
Combin'd with thoughts of festal rite;
The cup which thou hast drunk, I ween,
Not always sparkled bright!
Nor is it that it hath been twined
Round victory's brow in days gone by;
Such glory has no power to blind
Thy intellectual eye.

III.

For thou canst look beyond the hour
Elated by the wine-cup's thrall,
Beyond the victor's proudest power,
Unto the end of all!
And therefore would I round thy brow
The deathless wreath of ivy place,
For well thy song has prov'd, that thou
Art worthy of its grace.

IV.

Had earth, and earth's delights alone,
Unto thy various strains given birth;
Then had I o'er thy temples thrown
The fading flowers of earth;
And trusting that e'en these, portray'd
By thee in song, would spotless be,
The jasmine's, lily's, harebell's braid
Should brightly bloom for thee.

V.

But thou to more exalted themes
Hast nobly urg'd the Muse's claim;
And other light before thee beams
Than fancy's meteor flame;
And from thy harp's entrancing strings
Sounds have proceeded, more sublime,
Than e'er were waken'd by the things
Which appertain to TIME!

VI.

Yes, lady! Thou hast truly set,
Even to the *masters of the lyre*,
An eloquent example! — yet
How few have caught thy fire!
How few of their most lofty lays
Have to religion's cause been given,
And taught the kindling soul to raise
Its hopes, its thoughts, to heaven!

VII.

Yet this at least has been thy aim;
For thou hast chosen that better part,
Above the lure of worldly fame,
To touch, and teach the heart:
To touch it, by no slight appeal
To feelings in each heart confest;
To teach, by truths that bear the seal
God hath himself imprest.

VIII.

And can those flowers, that bloom to fade,
For thee a fitting wreath appear?
No! Wear thou then the ivy-braid,
Whose leaves are never sere!
It is not gloomy; brightly play
The sun-beams on its glossy green;
And softly on it sleeps the ray
Of moonlight, all serene.

IX.

It changes not, as seasons flow
In changeful, silent course along;
Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so;
It outlives Summer's song;
Autumn no wan, or russet stain
Upon its fadeless glory flings:
And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain,
With tempest on his wings.

X.

" *Then wear thou this*" — THE IVY-CROWN!
And though the bard who twines it be
Unworthy of thy just renown,
Such wreath is worthy thee.
For hers it is who lends her powers
To virtue's sacred cause alone;
Whose page not only teems with flowers,
But may by fruit be known.

VERSES ON THE GATEWAY

STILL STANDING

AT NETTLESTEAD, SUFFOLK.

I.

THOU art noble yet, for thy ruins recal
The remembrance of vanish'd glory;
And Time, which has levell'd the ancient hall,
Still spares thee to tell of its story.

II.

O'er thy crumbling arch the sculptur'd shield,
In spite of spoil's bereavement,
Is left as a relique, on which are reveal'd
The insignia of bold achievement.

III.

When first they were graven, to honour's eye
Their emblazonment shone forth brightly;
But now the rustic passes them by,
And thinks of their legend lightly.

IV.

It boots but little. To rise, and fall,
And leave but a wreck to outlive them,
Is as it should be, the lot of all
Who trust in what pride can give them.

V.

There are thoughts more touching than those which rise
From pride's departed splendour;
And thine is connected with countless ties,
Which waken ideas more tender.

VI.

The heart, with its griefs, joys, hopes, and fears,
Changes little in passions and powers;
And theirs, who sojourn'd here in distant years,
Cherish'd feelings the same as ours!

VII.

For they liv'd, and they lov'd like us; and this
Was their HOME, in pain and pleasure:
And the best of them hoarded here their bliss,
As the miser his hidden treasure.

VIII.

And now, when the trappings of glory fade,
And its sunniest heights are shrouded,
The beams of affection, that brighten'd its shade,
Are to Memory's eye unclouded.

IX.

To the heart, to the heart, we must turn at last,
For all that endures the longest;
Its better feelings no blight can blast,
For their strength is in storms the strongest.

X.

But in storm, or sunshine, 'tis theirs alone,
To leave that enchantment behind them,
Which gives them an influence all must own,
By Nature herself assign'd them.

XI.

Thou art noble yet, thou desolate pile!
For the trophies of fame enwreathe thee;
But that fame is not worth one tear, or smile,
Of some who have pass'd underneath thee.

THE

CONTRAST.

I.

I STOOD, in thought, on SHINAR's plain,
And saw that tower arise,
Whose height so vast, by builders vain,
Was meant to reach the skies:
It seem'd to stand before my sight,
Like phantoms which, in dreams of night,
We see with wond'ring eyes;
Distrusted, when they meet our view,
But gazed at, till we think them true.

VI.

But God came down to see the tower,
And city they had made;
And by his overwhelming power
Their policy gainsay'd;
Giving to each a tongue unknown,
Their plans and counsels were o'erthrown,
His sovereignty display'd;
And what they eagerly had sought
To shun, their own presumption wrought.

VII.

O then, in that discordant crowd,
What wild confusion rose!
As each, in accents fierce and loud,
Attempted to disclose
The aid he proffer'd, help he sought;
Till they who were together brought
As friends, were turn'd to foes;
Desirous but *apart* to roam,
And seek a *widely sever'd home!*

VIII.

The vision pass'd! crowd, tower, and plain
  Fleeted in thought away:
Imagination's power again
  Resum'd her dream-like sway;
And as her magic spell prevail'd,
I stood amid the throng who hail'd
  The church's earlier day;
Nor greater contrast could be known
Than was by such transition shown.

IX.

Around me were the gathered host
  Who came to seek their Lord;
Owning, that solemn PENTECOST,
  One place with one accord:
And, for the time, I seem'd to stand
Spectator of that Christian band,
  By Gentile tribes abhorr'd,
Chosen to publish, far and wide,
The Gospel of THE CRUCIFIED!

X.

When, on a sudden, came a sound,
As of a wind from heaven,
Which sweeps o'er ocean's depths profound,
Or is through forests driven!
And on each head, in rev'rence bar'd,
Bright cloven tongues of fire declar'd
The gift which God had given:
The power, in tongues unknown till then,
To make salvation known to men.

XI.

Well might that miracle then plead
With hearts untouch'd before;
As Parthian, Elamite, and Mede,
Crete, Arab, Roman, Moor,—
Each in his native tongue address'd
With deep surprise and awe confess'd
That every doubt was o'er;
And eagerly preferr'd his claim
To be baptiz'd in JESUS' NAME.

XII.

This vision also pass'd away;
Yet did it first disclose
How diff'rent is the scope and sway
Of boons that God bestows.
The varying tongues which, heretofore,
On SHINAR's plain, with loud uproar,
Converted friends to foes,
Here seem'd like manna to descend,
And made a foe far more than friend!

XIII.

Thus talents, gifts, and graces prove
Of present good, or ill,
As given by GOD in wrath, or love,
To work his gracious will:
Man cannot claim them as his own;
They come from God, and best are known
His purpose to fulfil,
When the *Receiver's* humble aim
Would glorify the GIVER'S NAME!

STANZAS.

I.

It is sweet to give birth to the harp's flowing numbers,
When the heart of the minstrel beats high to their sound;
It were madness to waken its strings from their slumbers,
When the shadows of darkness encompass him round.

II.

There are feelings which cannot by words be imparted,
And moods of the mind where expression is pain;
When despondency sinks down the desolate-hearted,
And even the Muses' high mandates are vain.

III.

Such clouds are around me, sweet Fancy enthralling,
Creating dark visions where bright ones should dwell;
Every whisper of Hope into silence appalling
Is hush'd by their baneful and fear-breathing spell.

IV.

The butterfly, flitting from jasmines to roses,
May be welcom'd wherever he folds his soft wings;
Let him light where he will, while on sweets he reposes,
Of the odours he came from, some vestige he brings.

V.

While the reptile that creeps over Spring's fairest blossom,
When its beauty and fragrance are both in their prime,
But poisons the perfume he finds in its bosom,
And mars all its glory by traces of slime.

VI.

Thus it fares with the bard who delighted to hover,
In the spring of the soul, o'er the Eden of mind,
And but seem'd to descend on its sweets to discover,
Or dispense by alighting, some pleasure refin'd.

VII.

When that Eden, once cloudless, is darkly o'ershaded,
Or seems so to him (bitter fruit of our fall):
No longer with beauty its flow'rets are braided,
"But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

VIII.

Then vain is the glory of noon's brightest splendour,
The stillness of evening, morn's rapturous hymn;
The lustre of moonlight no longer seems tender;
And a star-sprinkled sky to his vision is dim.

IX.

Existence itself, then, in his estimation,
Appears but a blank, where enjoyment is not;
And the words of the monarch, that "ALL IS VEXATION,"
The legend inscrib'd on mortality's lot.

X.

Can he, then, give birth to the harp's flowing numbers,
When his soul can no longer rejoice in their strain?
It were weakness to waken its visionless slumbers,
When the *memory*, alone, of its music is pain!

XI.

No, no; let him hang on some yew-tree, all blasted,
The pride of past moments, to which he still clings;
Be its mouldering frame by the midnight winds wasted,
And ivy and aconite twine round its strings.

XII.

Even then, by the hand of its master forsaken,
It may prove that its music was truly its own,
As the winds sweeping by it may fitfully waken
Its echo-like dirge, with their tenderest tone.

THE RECANTATION;

TO

* * * * * * * * * *.

I.

I WILL not yield to gloom! since thou,
With Friendship's soothing tone,
Turn'st kindly tow'rd me, even now,
'Mid sorrows of thine own:
Magnanimously kind to one
Whom lighter hearts might coldly shun.

II.

My thanks, thy praise, should I express,
Such might but give thee pain;
Thy worth, thy gentle tenderness,
Require no votive strain;
Nor is thy own that petty pride
Which is by plaudits gratified.

III.

If brighter days should ever be
My brief allotment here,
Unless their brightness reach'd to thee,
To me they must be drear:
Since thou, in grief, hast thought of mine,
Could I be blest if grief were thine?

IV.

No, never! and if hours more bright
On earth I may not know;
I will not think it starless night,
While yet around me glow
Those twilight gleams of softest dye,
Which looks, words, deeds of thine supply.

V.

O! none can feel, but wounded hearts,
Which only throb to ache,
What genuine sympathy imparts,
What feelings it can wake:
That such within my bosom dwell,
I owe to thee. Farewell! Farewell!

VERSES

TO A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD.

I.

Could I, sweet child, invoke for thee
A blessing of transcendent worth;
Such might'st thou justly claim from me,
And this dark day might give it birth.

II.

Thine it should be, because I owe
To thee, at times, the blest recal
Of being's earlier, brighter glow,
And nature's tend'rest, sweetest thrall.

III.

For who could look upon thy face,
Whether in smiles, or tears array'd,
Nor feel the soft, resistless grace
By early innocence display'd?

IV.

O! many a time its soothing power
Has charm'd me from myself awhile;
And shed on sorrow's sunless hour
Something like joy's remember'd smile.

V.

Nor least delightful is its sway
Now, when the winds that sweep around,
On dark December's shortest day
The closing year's deep dirge resound.

VI.

In such a season, smiles like thine
Around them more of brightness fling,
Than outward sunbeams, when they shine
Upon the sweetest flowers of Spring.

VII.

They flow from feelings far above
What Spring's gay beauties can impart;
They speak of tenderness and love,
Warm from a glowing, guileless heart.

VIII.

What are, to thee, the noise and strife
Of this world's tumult?—Things unknown!
Love is thy polar star of life,
Thou livest now to love alone.

IX.

In those around, who hold thee dear,
Thy smiles reflected pleasure wake;
Thy love imparts that power to cheer,
And *theirs* are sweet for love's dear sake.

X.

And most of all to her fond heart,
Who views thee with as fond an eye,
Each transport thou canst there impart,
Or share, love only can supply.

XI.

'Tis this that makes thy smiles and tears
Call forth her deepest tenderness;
'Tis this that unto thee endears
Her silent glance, her soft caress.

XII.

Long, long may such appear to thee
The light of life's intelligence;
And may thy true affection be
In future years their recompense!

DAYS OF DARKNESS.

"But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember *the days of darkness*, for they shall be many."

ECCLESIASTES, xi. 8.

I.

I HAVE not yet lived many years,
Nor have those years been calmly bright;
For many cares, and griefs, and fears,
Have darkly veil'd their light:
Yet, even now, at times I deem,
To contemplation's pensive eye,
Symptoms exist, by which 'twould seem
That darker days draw nigh.

II.

The early flush of sanguine hope,
Which once, elate in confidence,
With disappointment well could cope,
And wrestle with suspense;
The vivid warmth of fancy's glow,
Which by its own creative powers
Could body forth, on earth below,
The forms of brighter bowers:

III.

The young imaginings of thought,
Freshness of feeling,—all that made
Existence with enchantment fraught,
At times seem wrapt in shade:
And moods of mind will come unbid,
When dark and darker grows the gloom,
Within whose depths obscure, half hid,
Appears the opening tomb!

IV.

I will not say that all is night;
For reason's pallid lamp,—the ray
Of revelation's glorious light,
At seasons let in day;
And by its beams, in mercy given,
That soul-enthralling, fearful gloom
Unfolds, when thus asunder riven,
A vista through the tomb.

V.

But O! within, above, around,
Enough is darkly overcast,
From which this painful truth is found—
Life's brightest days are past:
And many a mournful sign appeals
Unto my musing spirit's eye,
Which, to my pensive thought, reveals
That darker days are nigh.

VI.

And let them come! — Shall man receive,
In this probationary state,
Good from his God, yet weakly grieve
When He, as wise as great,
Sees right, with merciful design,
To send that salutary *ill*,
Which, meekly borne, through love benign,
Effects his gracious will?

VII.

The cloudless glory of morn's sky,
Which ushers in a beauteous day,
What time the viewless lark, on high,
Chaunts forth his cheerful lay,
Is beautiful; but clouds, and showers,
And mists, although they may appear
Less lovely than those sun-bright hours,
To Nature are as dear.

VIII.

The lavish luxury of Spring,
When flowers are bursting into bloom,
And tints upon an insect's wing
Out-rival Ormus' loom;
The Summer's radiance; — Autumn's sway
Of matron majesty and grace;
Enchant in turn, then pass away,
And give stern Winter place.

IX.

Thus is it with the outward frame
Of wondrous Nature; changing still,
And yet unchangeably the same —
Obedient to HIS will,
Alike in every season shown,
As each proclaims its AUTHOR's praise;
Nor is this silent in the tone
Of Winter's stormiest days.

X.

No; in the voice of mighty winds,
  At intervals to stillness aw'd,
Has it not seem'd, to thoughtful minds,
  A SPIRIT was abroad?
And thus the same ETERNAL POWER,
  Though viewless unto mortal eye,
When skies are bright, when tempests lower
  Is still for ever nigh!

XI.

Is there no lesson taught to man
  By that which unto outward sense,
Through vast creation's matchless plan,
  Proclaims benevolence?
Shall man distrust HIS goodness, who,
  Spring after spring, with vital breath,
Revives the universe anew,
  Educing LIFE from DEATH?

XII.

Say not within thy inmost soul,
When mental darkness veils its light,
And clouds, more dense than winter's, roll
Before the spirit's sight;
Say not that light will ne'er return;
That thou art of thy God forgot;
His lamp, within, may feebly burn,
Though thou discern'st it not.

XIII.

To journey on from day to day,
Yet scarcely catch one trembling gleam
Of that more glorious sun, whose ray
Within, was joy supreme;
To feel the more than wintry chill
That orb's eclipse must ever bring,
Is but thy portion to fulfil
Of human suffering.

XIV.

'Tis no peculiar lot of *thine*,
Thy sole, irrevocable doom;
Others have seen that splendour shine,
And seem to set in gloom:
The pang its absence now imparts,
Though painful it may be to bear,
Has been endur'd by aching hearts,
Endur'd without despair.

XV.

But not in human strength alone!
The strength of man is weakness here;
His wisdom, foolishness is shown
In trials so severe:
The outward ills, which all must feel,
Man's spirit may perhaps control;
God only can illume and heal
The darken'd, wounded soul.

XVI.

His mercy never yet assign'd
(Can we conceive it could be so?)
To any one of human-kind
The cup of *hopeless* woe.
Life's goblet may, to some, be brimm'd
With more than wormwood's bitterness;
Much of its day by clouds be dimm'd;—
Yet all design'd to bless.

XVII.

There is a sorrow—better far
Than noisy mirth which spurns control;
For Folly's raptures often mar
The flow of Pleasure's bowl:—
There is a sadness of the face,
By which the heart is better made;
A brook to bless the desert place,
A gourd to cast its shade.

XVIII.

That brook, that gourd, are theirs alone,
Who meekly place their hopes on HIM,
Before whose glory-circled throne
The stars of heaven are dim!
Then trust in God! his name thy tower!
Who by his own resistless might,
Can overcloud Life's brightest hour,—
Make DAYS OF DARKNESS—LIGHT!

THE

POOL OF BETHESDA.

I.

Around Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the Angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued,
Were seen the gather'd multitude.

II.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd;
Whose heart had often heav'd the sigh,
The bitter sigh, of hope deferr'd;
Beholding, while he suffer'd on,
The healing virtue *given* and *gone!*

III.

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought!
But while his coming he delay'd,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until THE SAVIOUR'S love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!

IV.

Had they who watch'd and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And crav'd, with fervency of soul,
His Power Divine to make them whole!

V.

But habit and tradition sway'd
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only hoped *the Angel's* aid;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

VI.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No Angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went.
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

VII.

And what that fountain once was found,
Religion's outward forms remain—
With living virtue only crown'd
While their first freshness they retain;
Only replete with power to cure
When, Spirit-stirr'd, their source is pure!

VIII.

Yet are there who this truth confess,
Who know how little forms avail;
But whose protracted helplessness
Confirms the impotent's sad tale;
Who, day by day, and year by year,
As emblems of his lot appear.

IX.

They hear the sounds of life and love,
  Which tell the visitant is nigh;
They see the troubled waters move,
  Whose touch alone might health supply;
But, weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

X.

SAVIOUR! thy love is still the same
  As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming NAME
  Dwells POWER to burst the strongest yoke!
O! be that power, that love display'd,
Help those — whom THOU *alone* canst aid!

TO THE MEMORY

OF

EMMA FULLER.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY'S *Elegy*.

I.

YES; flowrets unseen their rich perfume may shed,
And bright gems be hidden in ocean's dark bed;
But more touchingly tender than either, to me,
Is the life and the death of a being like thee.

II.

Thy brief span of life, like a vision, is fled,
And thine is the peaceful repose of the dead;
For the slumber of those who in innocence die,
Can scarcely an image of anguish supply.

III.

It is true that the blight of a flowret in May,
Ere its beautiful blossom the eye can repay,
Awakens some feelings approaching to grief,
Which haunt not the slow fall of Autumn's sere leaf.

IV.

And yet, if we calmly reflect on thy lot,
It seems like a bright page which sorrow would blot;
And he who would sully that page with a tear,
Is blind to its beauty, so spotless and clear.

V.

For me, I could envy thee! thus in the bloom
Of the heart and the soul to go down to the tomb;
While the first knew not anguish, and sin had not cast
Those clouds which more darkly o'ershadow the last.

VI.

Hadst thou died in thy childhood, I scarcely can tell
If thy death had been fraught with so potent a spell;
For, with much of *its* purity, now are combin'd
Reflections with far deeper feelings entwin'd.

VII.

Thou hadst liv'd long enough to acknowledge the sway
Of the softest of passions our hearts can obey;
The purest — in bosoms where innocence keeps
Its watch o'er the heart, like a star o'er the deeps.

VIII.

Thou didst love, and wert lov'd; and the future was bright,
At times, with the hues of imagin'd delight;
But thou didst not, when call'd on such hopes to resign,
At the will of OMNIPOTENCE, vainly repine.

IX.

Unto HIM, who can humble the lofty and proud,
With gentle submission thy meek spirit bow'd;
And the merciful love of thy LORD and thy KING
Robb'd the grave of its victory, and death of its sting.

X.

Thus wert thou enabled, when dying, to bless
The name of thy GOD, and his goodness confess;
And thy spirit, prepar'd for its joyous release,
Pure, gentle, and pious, departed in peace!

XI.

Although, in thy life-time, thou wast unto me
But as one of Earth's daughters, delightful to see;
A form which, in passing, attracts by its grace,
And features, whose mildness 'tis soothing to trace;

XII.

Yet when thou wast dead, while remembrance still dwelt
On the image its mirror reflected, — I felt
A desire, which I could not and cannot explain,
Gentle girl! to behold those mild features again!

XIII.

They were chang'd! O! how much, since I look'd on them last!
From the cheek, wan and wasted, its faint bloom had pass'd;
O'er the sunk eye, all lustreless, darkness had roll'd;
And the lips, pale and bloodless, as marble were cold!

XIV.

But, contemplating these, in defiance of all
Death had done to disfigure, disease to appal,
I thought, as I gaz'd on the charms that remain'd,
How imperfect the triumph which both had obtain'd!

XV.

For O! there was meekness and loveliness yet,
Like the west's mild effulgence, when day's orb has set;
And we know from the twilight, so soft and serene,
How calm, and how cloudless his setting has been.

XVI.

On thy features still dwelt, what life cannot disclose,
An expression more touching than that of repose;
Which silently spoke, unto hearts that could feel,
What the tongue of the living can never reveal.

XVII.

" PEACE! PEACE!" it proclaim'd, or it seem'd so to me,
" To an innocent spirit, thus early set free;
Unto which, in compassionate goodness, are given
The bless'd and enduring enjoyments of heaven!"

XVIII.

Farewell, then, sweet girl! who hast thus, in the bloom
Of the heart and the soul, met mortality's doom;
And long may I cherish the feeling and thought
Which the last sight of thee o'er my hush'd spirit brought.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

MODERNIZED FROM VAUGHAN'S SILEX SCINTILLANS.

I.

When first thy opening eyes receive
The glorious light of day,
Give thy awakening spirit leave
To be as blest as they.

II.

Our outward organs well may teach
Its duty to the soul;
And thoughts ascend, that need not speech,
Unto their heavenly goal.

III.

For hearts, whose love to God is true,
Should open with the day:
As flowers impearl'd with morning dew
Their tenderest tints display.

IV.

Give God thy waking thoughts, that He,
Throughout the day, may keep
Thy spirit company, and be
Its guardian while asleep.

V.

Yet sleep not when the sun has risen,
For prayer with day should rise;
And holiest thoughts, set free from prison,
Should soar above the skies.

VI.

There are appointed hours between
Our souls and love divine;
Nothing of earth should intervene
To mar their blest design.

VII.

The manna's heavenly charm was gone
With morning's stainless dews;
And flowers on which the sun has shone
Their sweetest perfume lose!

VIII.

Then let not needless slumber glut
Morn's glories by its sin:
When this world's gates are closest shut,
Heaven's open:—ENTER IN!

IX.

Walk out beneath the roseate skies,
Eye, ear, and heart awake;
List to the melodies that rise
From tree, from bush, and brake.

X.

Each fluttering leaf, each murmuring spring,
The great I AM doth own;
To HIM the soaring sky-larks sing
In music's sweetest tone.

XI.

Canst *thou* not sing? O! leave thy cares
And follies; go thy way!
And morning's praises, morning's prayers,
Go with thee through the day!

XII.

Serve God before the world below;
Nor suffer, unimplor'd,
That blessing from thy path to go,
He only can afford.

XIII.

This done, to HIM resign thy will,
Who never will forsake
Those who, like JACOB, wrestle still,
As day begins to break.

XIV.

Weep for thy sins,—to Him apply
Who can those sins forgive;
But know that self and pride must die
Before thy soul can live.

XV.

Mornings are emblems, shadowing forth,
Unto the spirit's eye,
Man's resurrection, and the birth
Of hopes that cannot die.

XVI.

The glorious star which speaks them near,
Like that of Bethlehem,
Is life, and light!—its rise more dear
Than crown or diadem.

XVII.

But when the morning's prime is past,
And worldly cares are rife,
May thy soul's harmony outlast
The daily din of life!

XVIII.

Keep well thy temper;—mingle not
With aught that thou shalt find,
Which may its lingering brightness blot,
Or chase it from thy mind.

XIX.

Despatch whatever must be done;
Life hath a load to bear,
Which *may be borne;* a path to run,
Beset with many a care.

XX.

Keep such *without;* and let thy *heart*
Be still thy GOD's alone;
And HE, thy spirit's better part,
Shall bless thee as his own!

THE

TWELVE MONTHS OF HUMAN LIFE.

I.

TWELVE months compose each fleeting year;
And, unto those who rightly scan,
Twelve brief compartments may appear
Compris'd in life's accustom'd span:
Nor need it be a waste of time
To trace this parallel in rhyme.

II.

The first SIX years of human life
Like the year's opening month are found;
Commenc'd in being's natal strife,
With little obvious produce crown'd;
For when six years their course have run,
Existence scarcely is begun.

III.

'Twas thus, we find, in Mirzah's dream,
That bridge which human life portray'd
Was veil'd from sight at each extreme
As by impenetrable shade;
And only what the Genius told
Could its beginning — end, unfold.

IV.

The next SIX years of life lead on
To boyhood's hopes, and boyhood's fears:
And FEBRUARY, ere 'tis gone,
An emblem of this age appears:
No fruit we find, no lasting flowers,
But mind begins to feel its powers.

V.

As outward nature now prepares
For finite man the face of earth,
And length'ning day to sight declares
The laughing Spring's approaching birth;
So does the glance of boyhood's eye
Betoken youth is drawing nigh.

VI.

MARCH follows next; the voice of song
Is heard, and gardens brightly bloom;
Though stormy winds may sweep along,
Their sound inspires no moody gloom;
Though clouds, at times, perchance may lower,
We look beyond the present hour!

VII.

And thus does youth, with eye elate,
At blithe EIGHTEEN existence view;
Nor stormy winds, nor clouds abate
The wild bird's music, flow'ret's hue:
Life is to him a waking vision,
And earth a paradise Elysian.

VIII.

Now APRIL lavishly unfolds
The violet's bloom, the chesnut's flowers;
And, amid weeping clouds, beholds,
With smiling eye, her verdant bowers;
And, ere she bids those bowers "farewell!"
Woos Love to bless them with his spell.

IX.

Now too the youth to manhood grown,
From fond eighteen to TWENTY-FOUR,
Thinks time mis-spent, if spent alone,
Or flies to solitude the more,
As ardent and romantic love
A source of pain or bliss may prove.

X.

Then MAY comes on! delightful May!
Dispensing, ere she bid adieu,
More genial airs, and skies more gay,
Than waken'd April's changeful hue:
The days have nearly reach'd their length,
And beauty its more lusty strength.

XI.

Man too, at THIRTY, may be found,
For intellectual powers at least,
In his best prime, with vigour crown'd,
His earlier ardours scarce decreas'd,
Although he may not now enjoy
Much that gave pleasure to the boy.

XII.

In JUNE some earlier fruits have caught
Their ripen'd glory from the sun;
And other joys to sense are brought
Than can from sight alone be won;
Beauty with usefulness combines,
And from such union brighter shines.

XIII.

And thus, when man is THIRTY-SIX,
Some ripening fruits of sager reason
Should with life's lingering blossoms mix,
To dignify that prouder season;
Nor should we then, in friendship, choose
The man who only could *amuse!*

XIV.

The sultry noontide of JULY
Next bids us seek the forest's shade;
Or for the crystal streamlet sigh,
That flows in some sequester'd glade:
Sated with sunshine and with flowers,
We learn that life has languid hours.

XV.

And he who lives to FORTY-TWO,
Nor has this needful truth been taught,
That calm retirement must renew,
From time to time, the springs of thought,
Or who would such *renewal* SHUN,
Is, by his folly, half undone!

XVI.

'Tis not enough to say, " We know,
As yet, no chilling, wintry blight;"
For noontide's fierce, unshaded glow
May *wither*, when it beams most bright;
He that hopes evening's tranquil smile,
Must in his zenith pause awhile!

XVII.

The husbandmen in AUGUST reap
The produce of their labours past;
Or, if the ling'ring season keep
Their recompense delay'd, will cast
A frequent glance around, and try
To guess what harvest may supply.

XVIII.

Thus too should man, at FORTY-EIGHT,
Turn inward to a harvest there;
His mental crops should calculate,
And for their gath'ring-in prepare;
'Tis prudent to look round, and see
What such a HARVEST-HOME may be!

XIX.

SEPTEMBER'S morn and eve are chill,
Reminding us that time rolls on;
And Winter, though delaying still
His wither'd features, wo-begone,
On day's decreasing length encroaching,
Gives token of his sure approaching.

XX.

And let not man at FIFTY-FOUR,
Though, like September's noon, he may,
At times, be cloudless as of yore,
O'erlook its dawning, closing day;
But by the length'ning nights be taught
Increasing seriousness of thought!

XXI.

The sere leaf, flitting on the blast,
The hips and haws in every hedge,
Bespeak OCTOBER come! At last
We stand on Winter's crumbling edge;
Like Nature's opening grave, we eye
The two brief months not yet gone by.

XXII.

And he who has attain'd THREE-SCORE,
Should bear in mind that sere old age
Must, in a few years, less or more,
Conclude his mortal pilgrimage;
And seek to stand aloof from all
That meditation might enthral.

XXIII.

NOVEMBER's clouds are gathering round,
Dispensing darker, deeper gloom;
And Nature, as with awe profound,
Waits her irrevocable doom;
Watching the pale sun's fitful gleam
Through the dense fogs that veil his beam.

XXIV.

And thus, in human life's November,
When SIXTY YEARS AND SIX are by,
'Tis time that man should oft remember
"The hour approaches he must die!"
True, he may linger to four-score,
But death is waiting at the door!

XXV.

DECEMBER closes on the scene;
And what appear *the months* gone past?
Fragments of time, which once *have been!*
Succeeding slowly, fled too fast!
Their minutes, hours, and days appear
Viewless in that small point, A YEAR!

XXVI.

The man, too, with the year has fled,
THREE-SCORE AND TWELVE pronounc'd his doom;
As nature's beauties now seem dead,
His relics rest within the tomb;
Yet *both* a future life shall see;
HIS — prove an IMMORTALITY!

TO

A DILATORY CORRESPONDENT.

I.

MUCH as thy silence I admire,
Yet taciturnity may tire,
By its protracted tedium;
And make one wish, in *words*, to find,
For intercourse 'twixt mind and mind,
A more congenial medium.

II.

I ne'er profess'd, with learned ease,
To understand *dead languages;*
And, to my cogitation,
That language is most truly dead,
Which, leaving every thing *unsaid*,
Conveys no information.

III.

Silence is eloquent, I own,
While looks can make its meaning known
In *tête-à-tête* communion;
But paper, pen, and ink possess
No power, a single thought t' express,
Without a *triple* union.

IV.

He who has not within his reach
These requisites for distant speech,
May be excused for balking;
But he who has them close at hand
Deserves a friendly reprimand,
Unless he set them talking!

LOWESTOFT.

I.

Once only, and long past the hour,
In pensive thought awhile I stood
On thy steep cliff, whose beacon-tower
Boldly o'erlooks the briny flood.

II.

It was a calm and lovely eve;
The western sky still faintly wore
The hue which sunset's glories leave,
When their bright source is seen no more.

III.

But o'er the hush'd and slumb'ring deep
The mists of evening flung their screen;
Though still glanc'd forth, upon thy steep,
Its white alcoves, and foliage green.

IV.

Thy lofty beacon's dazzling light
Shot forth its guiding beams afar,
To bless the home-bound seaman's sight,
Who hail'd it as his polar star.

V.

Yet though no lovelier, calmer hour
Could meet the poet's thoughtful eye,
He had but half confess'd its power,
Unless some kindred soul were nigh.

VI.

But he who stood beside me there,
To view the tower, the cliff, the main,
Not only could the *present* share;
He felt the *past* revive again.

VII.

Yes; thou, my lost, lamented friend!
Living belov'd, and dead rever'd,
To such a scene and hour couldst lend
The mental charm which both endear'd.

VIII.

Thou hadst from youth to manhood been
A wand'rer o'er the boundless sea;
Its features, stormy or serene,
Recall'd departed hours to thee.

IX.

And though revolving years had sped,
Since last was brav'd its billowy foam,
Yet thou the beetling cliff wouldst tread,
Like one who there was most at home.

X.

Now Memory paints thy thoughtful pause,
Each look, each word I yet retain,
All, all express'd what ample cause
Thou hadst to know this spot again.

XI.

It was thy earliest anchoring-place,
In thy first voyage o'er the deep;
Thy active mind could here retrace
Feelings and thoughts long lull'd to sleep.

XII.

For then thy boyish dreams were not
To their new element subdued;
And home-sick thoughts, friends unforgot,
At times would pensively intrude.

XIII.

When anchor'd off this lovely shore,
Past every danger, every fear;
Land never look'd so sweet before,
Home never felt so truly dear.

XIV.

Peace to thy memory! Scenes less fair,
If visited with one like thee,
Fond recollections oft would share,
And present to my fancy be.

XV.

But Lowestoft's beacon-crested steep,
Its hanging gardens, smiling yet,
When silv'ry mist-wreaths veil the deep,
Are far too lovely to forget.

XVI.

Hadst thou not shar'd the bliss they gave,
They must have been *admired* by one
Who looks on ocean's foamy wave,
Earth's shrubby slopes, as I have done.

XVII.

Now they are more; for Memory's spell
Has so connected *them* with *thee*,
That, while upon their charms I dwell,
Thou seem'st to live again for me!

TO

A FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

I.

YES, go! and on those ruins gaze,
Whose silent, eloquent appeal
To meditation's eye displays
What spirits ton'd like thine can feel:
Go! stand by Tiber's yellow stream,
Mid crumbling columns, domes, and towers:
Behold past glory's ling'ring gleam,
And find a still exhaustless theme
For thought's sublimest powers.

II.

Ascend the lofty Palatine!
Gaze from its piny summits round:
And oh! what feelings will be thine
When treading that immortal ground:
Each sculptur'd vase, each speaking bust,
Shrine, temple, palace, tomb, and fane,
Will plead to thee their earlier trust;
To genius, greatness, goodness just,
Nor will they plead in vain.

III.

For thou hast held communion long
With minds that stamp'd the Augustan age:
With MARO's but once-rivall'd song;
And, matchless still, the SABINE PAGE:
And thou o'er many a name hast por'd
That faithful time has ne'er forgot;
As men admir'd, as gods ador'd;
And in thy inmost heart deplor'd
The "ETERNAL CITY'S" lot.

IV.

Oh! I could envy thee the gush
Of feeling, and of thought sublime,
When thou, beneath morn's orient blush,
Or stillest hour of eve, shalt climb
O'er ivied ruins once august,
And now in splendid fragments hurl'd:
Their haunts, who, sepulchred in dust,
Unknown except by urn or bust,
Once sway'd a subject world.

V.

"And this"—(Oh friend! I hear thee say,
As gazing round with proud delight,
Where reliques glorious in decay
Shall burst on thy enraptur'd sight)—
"And this was ROME! and where I tread
"The great, the wise have trod of yore:
"Whose names through every clime are spread;
"Whose minds the world itself have fed
"From their exhaustless store.

VI.

" Whose deeds are told by Hist'ry's pen,
" Whose works in sculpture, colour, song,
" Still rise magnificent, as when
" Here liv'd and mov'd the exalted throng
" Of painters, sculptors, bards, whose fame
" With time successfully has striven:
" Till he, who would their worth proclaim,
" Shall find the beam that gilds his name
" Is from their glory given."

VII.

I feel,—I own thy language just;
And yet a Briton, standing there,
If mindful of the sacred trust
Committed now to ALBION'S care,
E'en while he granted—gave to ROME
All Rome's just glory could demand;
With feelings worthy of his home
Encircled by free Ocean's foam,
Must love his native land!

VIII.

When Art arrays her magic strife
In hues from young Aurora thrown:
In wakening forth to all but life
Each breathless form of Parian stone:
And e'en in song, whose source and aim
Demanded but an earthly lyre,
Unfed by heaven's ethereal flame;
I grant to Rome, all Rome can claim,
Or genius can admire.

IX.

Yet I, in British freedom, say,
That Albion even now has won
A fame less subject to decay,
Than grac'd proud Rome's meridian sun:
And, IN THAT FREEDOM, she contains
Of soul, sublimer, loftier powers;
Than e'er enrich'd the Latian plains,
When monarchs clash'd their captive chains
Beneath her conquering towers.

X.

And, were I what thou art, I should,
E'en on the Palatine's proud height,
Or stretch'd by Tiber's golden flood,
Or where Soracte gleams in sight,
Still turn from Rome's majestic ground,
To Benhall's sweet sequester'd dome,
Her sylvan glades with beauty crown'd;
And own, that there my heart had found
Its fondly cherish'd home.

THE

WALL-FLOWER.

I.

THE rose is beautiful to view,
Begemm'd with dew-drops bright,
Which only make its glowing hue
More lovely to the sight.

II.

The lily, whose meek beauties seem
As if they must be sought;
Suggests, like some delightful dream,
A train of tender thought.

III.

The violet, which, itself unseen,
Sheds sweetest perfume round,
Has many a grace for bard to glean,
When he its haunt has found.

IV.

All these are beautiful; but none
Can match my favourite flower;
Nor is there, to my fancy, one
That has such soothing power.

V.

Not for its transient beauty's sake,
This fades, as others may;
But thoughts it has the power to wake
Can never pass away.

VI.

To me it speaks of loveliness
That passes not with youth;
Of beauty which decay can bless,
Of constancy and truth.

VII.

Not in prosperity's bright morn,
Its streaks of golden light
Are lent her splendours to adorn,
And make them still more bright:

VIII.

But in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by;
It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify.

IX.

Yes; lovely flower! and thou shalt be
My minstrel theme for this;
Thy birth-place has a charm for me,
Beyond the bowers of bliss.

X.

To me thy scite disconsolate,
On turret, wall, or tower,
Makes thee appear misfortune's mate,
And desolation's dower.

XI.

Thou ask'st no kindly cultur'd soil
Thy natal bed to be;
Thou need'st not man's officious toil
To plant, or water thee.

XII.

Sown by the winds, thou meekly rear'st,
On ruin's crumbling crest,
Thy fragile form; and there appear'st,
In smiling beauty drest.

XIII.

There, in thy bleak and earthless bed,
Thou brav'st the tempest's strife;
And giv'st, what else were cold and dead,
A lingering glow of life.

XIV.

There is a scene where, years ago,
I've mark'd thee blooming fair;
But *then* I had not learnt to know
What *now* thou wouldst declare.

XV.

For then I could not feel the force
Of loveliness like thine;
Nor couldst thou be in youth the source
Of thoughts which now are mine.

XVI.

But, even then, to youth's warm gaze
Thy blossoming was sweet,
What time the bright sun's early rays
Illum'd thy lófty seat.

XVII.

And while the breeze and sun-beam dried
The night-dew's crystal tear,
Thy beauty thoughts of bliss supplied,
And hope — that knew not fear.

XVIII.

It seem'd to fancy's vivid dream,
That thus love's youthful smile
Through sorrow's morning mists should gleam,
And every care beguile.

XIX.

But now 'tis sweeter to behold,
Upon a lowering eve,
Thy wind-swept blossom, meekly bold,
The sun's last look receive.

XX.

I love thy beauty then to mark,
Thy lingering light to see,
When all is growing drear and dark,
Except THE WEST, and THEE.

XXI.

For then, with brightness caught from heaven,
An emblem true thou art
Of love's enduring lustre, given
To cheer a lonely heart:

XXII.

Of love, whose deepest, tend'rest worth,
Till tried, was all unknown;
Which owes to sympathy its birth,
And "*seeketh not its own!*"

XXIII.

But, by its self-abandonment,
When cares and griefs appal,
Appears as if from heaven 'twere sent
To compensate for all.

XXIV.

Yet deeper, holier, more divine
That emblem to the eye,
Could we but trace in it the sign
Of pardon from on high.

XXV.

Could we but think that, even thus,
Like day's last smile to thee,
The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, to us,
In life's decline might be!

XXVI.

A pledge that hope had not withdrawn,
That heavenly love, and light,
With everlasting day should dawn
On death's approaching night!

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

MARY! I have no tears to give;
And what if such could flow from me,
Fast might they flow for some who live,
And not for those who die like thee.

II.

Yet long-past days, together spent,
Endear'd by pleasures, priz'd, how much!
Demand this humble monument
To thee, who partly mad'st them such.

III.

We met; thyself in youth's fair bloom,
And I in blighted manhood: thou,
With scarce a thought allied to gloom,—
Myself with much to cloud my brow.

IV.

And *this* I owe thee for the gleams
Of joy, then scatter'd o'er my way;
Which like the rainbow's lustrous beams,
Look'd bright in Sorrow's stormiest day.

V.

Years have rolled by:—and now I hear,
With all the past reviv'd anew,
That thou, whose friendship thus could cheer,
Hast pass'd Death's shadowy valley through.

VI.

I shed no tears for thee:—for tears,
If I could give thee such, were vain;
But years may pass,—ay! many years,—
Ere I shall meet thy like again.

VII.

And thoughts, which find imperfect vent
In words, while I the past recal,
Raise thee this simple monument,
Our Friendship's last memorial!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

Jesu Hominum Salvator!
Thou who cam'st on earth below,
Taking on thee mortal nature,
Life immortal to bestow:—

II.

Thou, who diedst for man's transgression,
Thou, who reignest now above;
Still art heard in intercession,
Still art known by acts of love!

III.

Fain would I, with rev'rent feeling,
Owe my hopes to Thee alone;
To thy Sacrifice appealing,
Cast each crown before thy Throne.

IV.

Trusting human strength no longer,
Henceforth be that weakness mine,
Which attempts not to be stronger
In *itself*—but *power divine!*

V.

Which seeks not—from depths of science,—
Heights of knowledge—aid to draw;
But in humble, meek reliance
On *thy Love*, would keep *thy Law*.

VI.

Not from superstitious reasons
Would I greet this day with song;
In *my* view *all* times and seasons
Unto Thee alike belong.

VII.

Who to God this day observeth,
Keeps it unto God alone!
He who from its ritual swerveth,
Still may make its good his own.

VIII.

Outward rites, of man's appointing,
Can no inward feeling give;
'Tis Thy Spirit's blest anointing
Bids the soul awake, and live!

IX.

This alone, by Thee imparted,
Can possess resistless power;
Can preserve the simple-hearted,
In temptation's darkest hour.

X.

Not in subtle speculation,
Not in codes, or creeds of man,
Not in learned disputation
On thy Gospel's hidden plan: —

XI.

Not in reason's proud researches,
Fixing thesis, date, or term;
Not in quoting synods, churches,
Dwells Religion's vital germ.

XII.

This is found in spirits tender'd;
Hopes that raise our souls above;
Passions chasten'd; wills surrender'd
To thy law of perfect love!

XIII.

Time, like some impetuous river
To the ocean hast'ning on,
Bears us onward to its Giver;
Soon will be for ever gone!

XIV.

Let it travel swiftly—slowly,
Tow'rds a vast Eternity;
Every day of it were HOLY,
If it turn'd our hearts to Thee.

XV.

This, unto my own appealing,
Prompts one tribute to Thy Name;
Warm with many a mingled feeling,
Hope, and fear, and joy, and shame.

XVI.

Since to thee, in love, or terror,
Knees must bend, and tongues confess;
Cleanse my heart from sin and error,
With thy Holy Spirit bless.

XVII.

So that, when Death's transient slumber
Seal my eyes,—my soul may be
One among the countless number
Ransom'd and redeem'd by Thee!

TO

THE CLOUDS.

I.

Ye glorious pageants! hung in air
To greet our raptur'd view;
What in creation can compare,
For loveliness, with you?

II.

This earth is beautiful, indeed,
And in itself appeals
To eyes that have been taught to read
The beauties it reveals.

III.

Its giant mountains, which ascend
To your exalted sphere,
And seem at times with you to blend
In majesty austere:

IV.

Its lovely valleys, forests vast;
Its rivers, lakes, and seas;
With every glance upon them cast
The sight, the sense must please.

V.

And yet 'twere difficult to say
How far our selfish views
Lend, to Earth's beautiful array,
Its most enchanting hues.

VI.

It is not what we *see*, alone,
Delights us most in this;
But what we *call*, or *dream* OUR OWN,
Yields SELF its highest bliss.

VII.

Exceptions there may be, of course,
Which he is blest who finds;
But some such feeling is the source
Of joy to vulgar minds.

VIII.

A purer, more abstracted joy
It gives to gaze on you;
And feel what gladden'd once the boy,
Is sweet to manhood's view.

IX.

What can there be on sea, or earth,
Though charms in each abound,
Which you can fail to shadow forth,
With added beauties crown'd?

X.

When through the eastern gates of heaven
The sun's first glories shine;
Or when his softest beams are given
To gild the day's decline;

XI.

All glorious as that orb appears,
His radiance still would lose
Each gentle charm, that most endears,
Without your soft'ning hues.

XII.

When these with his refulgent rays
Harmoniously unite,
Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
Nor feel a hush'd delight?

XIII.

'Tis then, if to the raptur'd eye
Her aid the fancy brings,
In you our vision can descry
Unutterable things!

XIV.

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,
Domes, battlements, and towers,
Torrents of light, that fling their waves
O'er coral rocks, and bowers;

XV.

Not only what to man is known
In nature, or in art;
But objects which on earth can own
No seeming counterpart.

XVI.

As once the Seer in Patmos saw
Heaven's opening door reveal'd,
And scenes inspiring love and awe
To his rapt sight unseal'd:

XVII.

So, in a faint and low degree,
Through your unfoldings bright,
Phantoms of glory yet to be
Dawn on the wond'ring sight.

XVIII.

Not even thought, and oh! much less
The loftiest flights of verse,
Can paint the power ye then possess
Unworldly views to nurse.

XIX.

It seems as if no dark eclipse
By earth were interpos'd;
But visions of the Apocalypse
Before us were disclos'd.

XX.

Nor are they false, deceitful dreams,
Which wisdom should suppress;
When dimm'd their most delightful gleams,
Their memory still can bless.

XXI.

The warm emotion they inspir'd
In fond remembrance lives;
As evening's sky, by you attir'd,
Its lingering lustre gives.

XXII.

And it remains to be the part
Of wisdom — virtue too,
To seize on all which in the heart
Such feelings can renew;

XXIII.

On all that for a season lifts
From " Earth's contracted span"
Our eyes, and thoughts; — and offers gifts
Of noblest powers to man.

XXIV.

The thousand cares that cumber life
Write wrinkles on the brow;
Yet these, with all their noise and strife,
Are things to which we bow.

XXV.

We call them useful; — so they are,
If man *their use* would learn;
And then from you, more glorious far,
As idle shadows turn.

XXVI.

But if ye lead our thoughts to Him
Whose spirit space pervades,
Then are ye, whether bright or dim,
More than aerial shades.

XXVII.

I would not underrate the boon
The Gospel has proclaim'd;
Nor give to clouds, winds, sun, or moon,
His right who all has fram'd.

XXVIII.

But viewing these as meant to feed
Devotion's heaven-ward flame,
His power and love, for whom they plead,
I dare not but proclaim.

XXIX.

Better, far better, not to be,
Than — being — to resign
The faith that all we feel and see
Betokens Power Divine.

XXX.

And rather than forego the thought,
The feeling, ye supply,
As silently ye sail athwart
The blue, o'er-arching sky —

XXXI.

Be mine the faith the INDIAN finds,
Whom nature's night enshrouds,
Who yet can hear A GOD in winds,
And see HIM in THE CLOUDS!

DUNWICH.

"Nature has left these objects to decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known."

I.

In Britain's earlier annals thou wert set
Among the cities of our sea-girt isle:
Of what thou wert — some tokens linger yet
In yonder ruins; and this roofless pile,
Whose walls are worshipless, whose tower — a mark,
Left but to guide the seaman's wand'ring bark!

II.

Yet where those ruins gray are scatter'd round,
The din of commerce fill'd the echoing air;
From these now crumbling walls arose the sound
Of hallow'd music, and the voice of prayer:
And *this* was unto some, whose names have ceas'd,
The WALL'D AND GATED CITY OF THE EAST!

III.

Thus time, and circumstance, and change, betray
The transient tenure of the worldly wise!
Thus " Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,"
And leaves no splendid wreck for Fame to prize:
While Nature her magnificence retains,
And from the contrast added glory gains.

IV.

Still, in its billowy boundlessness out-spread,
Yon mighty deep smiles to the orb of day,
Whose brightness o'er this shatter'd pile is shed
In quiet beauty. — Nature's early sway
Is audible in winds that whisper round, —
The soaring sky-lark's song, the breaker's hollow sound.

NOTE. — To those who may think my epithet of " The wall'd and gated city of the East," — somewhat hyperbolical as applied to Dunwich, I must submit an extract from Gardner's History of Dunwich, as containing at least traditional authority; though I fear little more.

" The oldest inhabitants of this neighbourhood report, that Dun-" wich, (in ancient time,) was a city surrounded with a stone wall, " and brazen gates, had fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, " and hospitals, a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, " and a mint." — He further states, in a following paragraph of his preface, his endeavours " to preserve the fate of that *renowned* " *city*, now almost swallowed up by the sea, from sinking into " oblivion, by collecting such occurrences dependent thereon, as " may perpetuate the memorial thereof to posterity." — But, after all, Tradition has done more for the past glories of Dunwich than History, " Time's slavish Scribe," has ever condescended to do.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

I.

LIKE the remembrance of a dream
Recall'd imperfectly to thought;
Thy form, thy features, sometimes seem
To musing meditation brought.

II.

And could the painter's mimic art
Their semblance perfectly retrace,
Thy memory would not, in my heart,
Obtain a more enduring place.

III.

All that such art might body forth
Could but thy outward form display;
It still would leave untold the worth
Which has survived that form's decay.

IV.

It still would leave each *gem* unguess'd,
The *casket* transiently enshrin'd;
Each virtue which adorn'd thy breast,
Each talent that enrich'd thy mind.

V.

Continue then, as thou hast been,
A spirit, to my spirit known;
By grosser sense unfelt, unseen;
Belov'd, rever'd in thought alone.

VI.

As such, thy image is more dear
Than blazon'd in the costliest frame;
As such, I still may think thee near,
And bless thy MEMORY, and thy NAME!

A

PORTRAIT.

I.

I CANNOT call thy living form,
And bid it stand before me;
But Fancy, as my heart grows warm,
Its semblance can restore me:
For e'en that unsubstantial thing
Must ever be enough to bring
All better feelings o'er me;
And give thee, for the time, to seem
More than the phantom of a dream.

II.

But, O! too warmly glows my heart,
While thus in thought beholding thee,
For me to act the artist's part,
Embodying each sweet phantasy:
Beauty there is, that painting mars;
Morn's mists, noon's glory, night's bright stars,
And moonlight on the mighty sea;
And yet all these but things express
Of unenduring loveliness.

III.

But Thou, when unto me 'tis given
Thy semblance to behold,
Now seem'st more like a form from heaven,
Than one of mortal mould;
Which he who would thy Portrait draw,
Turns from, o'ercome by love and awe,
And leaves its charms untold.
No! all I can do, love! must be
To sketch what memory yields of thee.

IV.

And ill may such a sketch convey,
To those who knew thee well,
What once thou wert; still less portray
Those charms, whose gentle spell
Survives thyself, still unforgot;
Or give to those who knew thee not,
Aught which of thee should tell.
Thy dress, thy form, thy face — alone
If given — might leave thee still unknown.

V.

Thy form! avails it now to trace?
Though once with charms endow'd:
Thy dress ne'er boasted Fashion's grace,
To satisfy the proud:
Yet thou becam'st it well: and it
On thee so gracefully did sit,
My taste its charms avow'd;
And in that simple garb — to me
Thou wert — all thou couldst wish to be.

VI.

Thy face, thy features, — boots it now
To speak of what is fled, —
Of eyes, or hair, or lips, or brow?
When once the flower is dead,
Its shape, its hue, no bliss can give;
Its odours only seem to live,
And lingering sweetness shed.
If memory still that face enthral,
'Tis by the soul which spoke through all.

VII.

Did it not speak? Oh! yes, it did —
Not through the lips alone;
That eye, beneath its downcast lid,
Was eloquent in tone;
For purest passion's gentle force,
And thoughts which sprang from virtue's source,
In all its glances shone:
Orbs of more brilliant light I've seen,
But none more tenderly serene.

VIII.

Nor was the language of thy soul
  Less mutely eloquent
In smiles that banish'd grief's control,
  Or hues that came and went
In changeful beauty o'er that cheek,
Telling far more than words could speak
  Of feelings innocent:
Of truth, of tenderness, of love—
Which Virtue could not but approve.

IX.

But why thus dwell on traits, which ill
  Thy likeness can portray:
Or linger over charms which still
  No semblance can convey?
A loftier aim, blest shade! is mine,
Than painter's art, though call'd divine,
  Would venture to essay:
Nor would I, thus, some feelings wake,
But for thy own, and Virtue's sake.

X.

For these I would attempt to show
A truth ill understood,
Or one the world seems not to know;
That much of *truly good*,
Much that entwines itself around
The inmost heart, and lives profound
In memory's deepest mood,—
May be attain'd;—and yet inspire
Small scope for pencil or for lyre.

XI.

Those virtues, gifts, and graces,—which
In thee so meekly met,
Boast more, existence to enrich,
Than glittering gaudes; and yet—
Delights we rather *feel* than *see*,
Most difficult it well may be
Before the eye to set.
How can we even know their worth,
Till absence gives such knowledge birth?

XII.

To sympathies, which soothe and bless
Our life, from day to day,
Which throw, with silent tenderness,
Fresh flowers across our way,
The heart must ever fondly cling;
But can the poet's sweetest string
Their loveliness display?
No — nor could Titian's self supply
Their living presence, once gone by.

XIII.

The air, in which we breathe and live,
Eludes our touch and sight;
The fairest flowers their fragrance give
To stillness, and to night;
The softest sounds that Music flings,
In passing, from her heaven-plum'd wings,
Are trackless in their flight!
And thus life's sweetest bliss is known
To silent, grateful thought alone.

XIV.

But is it not, from hence, more pure,
Ethereal, and divine?
Yea! and its essence will endure
When stars have ceas'd to shine.
Time may the glowing canvass stain,
Oblivion quench the poet's strain;
But virtues—which entwine
Their memory with undying love,
Endure unchangeably above.

XV.

"*A meek and quiet spirit*" gives,
When earth's brief path is trod,
To those it bless'd—what still outlives
That spirit's senseless clod;
Feelings and thoughts, in part divine,
Which live along the length'ning line
Of being—up to GOD!
And terminate their blissful course
In union with their parent source!

XVI.

Believing such high destiny
To be thy blest estate;
Immortal spirit! can I sigh
Thy lot to contemplate?
No — and though little there might seem
In thee for bard's, or painter's theme,
Of high, of rich, of great,
Yet beyond rank, wealth, beauty, — all!
I love thy virtue's gentler thrall.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM HEY.*

I.

PREACHER of Righteousness! for such
Wert thou in preaching's noblest sense,
Whose life and conversation touch
Hearts cold to pulpit eloquence;—
Preacher of Righteousness, farewell!
With Thee may I hereafter dwell.

II.

What though no weekly audience hung
Upon the accents of thy voice,
Nor thus collected from thy tongue
What bade them tremblingly rejoice;
Yet did thy lamp so brightly shine,
A *silent ministry* was thine.

* For a full account of this estimable Man and pious Christian, see his "Life" by Pearson: also "The Christian Observer," and "Christian Guardian."

III.

A Preacher—by the sick man's bed,
In the mute, eloquent display
Of those meek charms that ever shed
Their lustre round the Christian's way;
And these may often deeply move,
Where words would ineffectual prove.

IV.

A Preacher—in the narrow sphere
(Delightful to the human heart)
Which Nature's tenderest bonds endear,
By the deep feelings they impart;
And in afflictions that must prove
At once the MAN's, the CHRISTIAN's love.

V.

For who can thy "Memorial"* read,
And not unfeignedly repeat
This truth—that through the Christian creed,
"Hard things are easy, bitter—sweet?"
Proudest philosophy could never
Have thus taught Nature's ties to sever.

* The Memorial on the death of one of his children.

VI.

Christian Philosopher! not *thine*
The praise by such meek Vict'ry won;
GOD gave thee power—by *grace divine*,
And FAITH confirm'd it through HIS SON!
Nor does submission lose its force,
Thus trac'd unto its holiest source.

VII.

Virtues our fallen nature bears,
Where these appear to linger still,
May, or *may not* find fitting heirs,
As we are *strong* or *weak* of will;
If conscious weakness be our lot,
We read, admire, but profit not.

VIII.

Not so when every gift and grace
Are with humility referr'd
To HIM who died to save our race;—
Even to that ETERNAL WORD
Which to our weakness power can give,
And bid the dead awake, and live.

IX.

Here is the secret, hid of old
E'en from the prudent and the wise!
'Mid faults and frailties manifold,
The Christian upon CHRIST relies:
And, conscious of his Captain's right,
Is more than conqu'ror through HIS might.

X.

Through humble trust in HIM is given
The vict'ry over sin and death;
Hopes that ascend from earth to heaven,
And prayer, and praise, and holy faith,—
Faith which, in every age, hath been
The evidence of things unseen.

XI.

This is the faith that works by love;
Effectual to the purifying
Of hearts—whose hallow'd feelings prove
A Saviour's love their own supplying,—
The gift of GOD, through grace divine,
And such, departed saint! was thine.

XII.

Other foundation none can lay
Than that which is already laid;
" The Light, the Life, the Truth, the Way;"
SALVATION BY THE CROSS DISPLAY'D!
In this was plac'd thy dying trust,
And this shall consecrate thy dust.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A CLOUDY day, lit up by transient gleams;
The fearful brightness of a shooting star;
The dazzling loveliness of fleeting dreams,
Which frowning phantoms in succession mar:—
Such, such is life!

A bowl which sparkles brightly at its brim,
But soon upon the sated palate palls;
A sun-bright view, which shadows quickly dim;
A strain—whose music on no echo falls:—
Such, such is life!

O for a state more glorious far than this!
Where mutability no more is known;
But souls redeem'd, partaking heavenly bliss,
With humble gratitude and praise may own
This, this *is* life!

ON THE

RETURN OF SUMMER BIRDS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LILLE.

Return, return to your haunts again,
And greet their shades with your sweetest strain;
Inhabit once more your cherish'd groves,
And renew your summer songs and loves.

What need ye to add to your lovely mirth?
Yours is the water, the air, and earth;
Woke under the foliage by zephyr's sigh,
With songs for the ear, and tints for the eye.

Your wants are few; ye alike disdain
The vices of luxury's slothful reign,
And the rigour of laws that men revere,
But which you in your liberty need not fear.

A stroke of the wing is your rudest law
To keep a coquetting lover in awe;
And so simple your toilette, your ruffled plumes
A touch of the beak with beauty illumes.

Though to shores remote your flight you bear,
Ye are travellers blithe, and not exiles there;
The grove where you plighted your former vows
Sees you build again in its leafy boughs;

The same thick shade in its solitude
Hears your soft vows of love renew'd,
And the same sweet echoes lingering nigh
Once more to your joyful songs reply.

INFANCY.

I.

THE Snow-drop, herald of the spring,
In storm or sunshine born,
Some passing images may bring
Of being's varied morn.

II.

When blasts are chill, and clouds are dark,
Its helpless, fragile bloom
Appears as set for misery's mark,
To sink in hopeless gloom.

III.

If mild the gale, and bright the beam,
Its beauties charm the eye,
And, while we gaze, we almost dream
That summer hours are nigh.

IV.

But trustless are the outward signs
Which waken hope or fear;
The flower whose birth in sunlight shines,
Chill blasts the soonest sere.

V.

The bud that cold winds nipt at first,
A happier lot may know;
In warmer airs to life may burst,
In brighter sunshine glow.

VI.

Thus shall the nursling of despair
Fond sighs and tears requite;
And shine in after life more fair
Than some whose morn was bright.

BOYHOOD.

I.

The Rose which greets the smile of June,
Unfolding in its joy,
When birds and bees their carols tune,
May typify The Boy.

II.

Light clouds, that pass in shadow o'er,
Render its hues more bright;
Soft showers may fall, yet these restore
Fresh fragrance to delight.

III.

And thus the shade on boyhood's cheek
By smiles is chas'd away;
The tear which transient grief would speak
But leaves the eye more gay.

IV.

The clouds whose darkness threatens life,
Winds of autumnal tone,
Of Winter's storms the fearful strife—
To it are things unknown.

V.

Unknown to Boyhood, too, the storms
Which after years may roll
O'er all the beauty that now forms
The summer of its soul.

VI.

But mind, immortal, through the gloom
May glorious warfare wage;
And know, when faded Boyhood's bloom,
Fresh greenness in old age.

MANHOOD.

I.

The ripen'd corn which clothes in gold
The autumnal landscape round,
Is fair; as comely to behold
Is ripen'd Manhood found.

II.

Hope to fruition now must yield,
The joy of harvest nigh,
In all its plenteousness reveal'd
Before the gazer's eye.

III.

If cultureless that soil had laid,
What now could be its own,
Be what they might its light and shade,
But barrenness alone?

IV.

Nor can mere Manhood bring to view
Aught more to be enjoyed,
If the mind's spring and summer too
Have pass'd by unemployed.

V.

Yet seed well sown, and ripe to reap,
May profit fail to win;
Prudence no jubilee will keep,
Unknown the *gathering in*.

VI.

When safe into the garner brought,
The triumph is secure;
And then, alone, to grateful thought
The joy of harvest pure!

OLD AGE.

I.

THE scath'd and leafless tree may seem
Old Age's mournful sign;
Yet on its bark may sunshine gleam,
And moonlight softly shine.

II.

Thus on the cheek of age should rest
The light of years gone by,
Calm as the glories of the west
When night is drawing nigh.

III.

As round that scath'd trunk fondly clings
The ivy green and strong,
Repaying, by the grace it brings,
The succour granted long; —

IV.

So round benevolent Old Age
May objects yet survive,
Whose greenness can the eye engage,
And keep the heart alive.

V.

Grant that no ivy-wreaths it know,
But fell'd at last to earth,
Its relics from the hearth may glow, —
Who shall deny its worth?

VI.

Not cheerless is the symbol found,
If, while it can supply
Delight to living hearts around,
Its smoke ascends on high!

ON A

PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI:

IN THE COLLECTION AT BREDFIELD HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN FITZGERALD, ESQ.

I.

It haunts me still! that lovely face,
With beauty's own undying power,
Whose pure, imaginative grace
Exists beyond its mortal hour.

II.

That brow so thoughtful, yet so fair,
Might tell of sorrow's chilling shade,
But patient gentleness is there
Each mournful feeling to upbraid.

III.

Those features, moulded to delight
In hours of mirth the gazer's eye,
Are more than beautifully bright
With sorrow's calm sublimity.

IV.

'Tis not a face to charm awhile,
By common art or outward spell,
Whose transient power of look or smile
All who behold at once can tell.

V.

Nor is it one which, left behind,
Can mingle with forgotten things;
Calm, energetic, full of mind,
Round it the heart's fond memory clings —

VI.

Clings mournfully; while thought would shun
The woes in which it was a sharer;
Joy may boast many a brighter one,
But sorrow never own'd a fairer.

A BIRTH-DAY.

I.

"A Birth-day!"—what a joyful sound
Those words possess'd to boyhood's ear,
When Fancy shed her sunshine round;
And Hope, the flatterer, still was near,
With balm for every trifling wound,
A smile for every tear!

II.

Then life was sweet: the world, unknown,
A fairy landscape bright and gay;
Each voice, too, seem'd like Friendship's tone,
Or Love's more fascinating lay;
And Time—a playmate of my own,
To sport with by the way.

III.

What is a Birth-day now? — A sound
To shake e'en manhood's sterner heart;
Fancy no sunshine sheds around,
And Hope has lost her healing art,
While from the world's enchanted ground
Its brighter hues depart.

IV.

Pain's barbed shafts mock Friendship's shield,
Love's smile can ill dark tempests brave,
Time's scythe no longer is conceal'd,
And Life has little left to crave;
Hope, Fancy, Friendship, Love must yield
Their votary to the grave.

V.

I speak, 'tis true, of passing things,
Which appertain to Time and Earth —
Happy is he whose spirit clings
To thoughts of more enduring worth,
To whom the *day of death* but brings
More joy than that of *birth!*

TO

A BUTTERFLY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

Born with the balmy breath of Spring,
With fragrant roses dying,
With Zephyr's light and sportive wing
In playful motion vying.

II.

Bright as the pure and cloudless blue
Of heaven above, — or blossom
That opes its chalice, as to woo
Thy beauty to its bosom.

III.

Intoxicated with perfume,
With light and azure glowing;
From wings surcharg'd with youthful bloom
Thy feathery glory throwing.

IV.

Then borne away, like thought or breath,
To viewless, endless distance,
How lovely in thy life and death
Appears thy brief existence!

V.

A gentle wish, a soft desire,
To fancy, it resembles,
Which, ardent, restless, would aspire
To bliss — at which it trembles: —

VI.

But still, unsatisfied below,
Just glances o'er each treasure,
Then soars whence brighter splendours flow,
To seek for purer pleasure.

SMILES AND TEARS.

I.

Speechless interpreters of thought,
And feeling's hidden dower;
With eloquence resistless fraught,
How touching is your power!

II.

In Joy's ecstatic mood, what tone
To gladness can beguile,
With fascination of its own,
Like rapture's silent smile?

III.

In anguish — what can more reveal
Than all that meets the ear?
What but the eloquent appeal
Of Sorrow's silent tear!

IV.

In Love, — to those who truly know
What smiles and tears can say,
More of the hidden heart they show
Than language can convey.

V.

And in that purer element,
Ethereal and divine,
Which thought and feeling represent
As Worship's purest shrine;

VI.

Far far beyond the influence
That rhetoric most reveres,
The spirit's holier eloquence
Of silent smiles and tears.

VII.

The patient suff'rer's smile, when born
Of Faith, to God is dear;
Nor will His mercy ever scorn
Contrition's voiceless tear!

THE

CONCLUSION.

I.

'Tis past the midnight hour, and yet
I linger o'er this page awhile,
As if I half indulg'd regret,
For what might rather prompt a smile;

II.

A mournful smile, at hopes that shed
Their lustre, when my task began;
Which, like the hours between, are fled,
As now my closing leaf I scan.

III.

It was a lovely Summer's morn
That first inspir'd my opening page;
Of thoughts and feelings brightly born
Hope was the nat'ral heritage.

IV.

Stern Winter's winds are sweeping by
As now I linger o'er my last;
And Hope, like yonder starless sky,
By clouds is darkly overcast.

V.

But THOU,* in hope and gloom the same,
Dear silent shade! art with me yet:
Filial affection owns thy claim,
And fondly chides each vain regret.

VI.

For had these pages never lent
Another source of joy to me,
I owe them many hours, thus spent
In quiet solitude with thee.

VII.

Nor could this volume hope an end
My heart more gratefully would own,
Than feeling thus THY image blend
With HER's, who could thy loss atone.

* A profile of the Author's mother.

VIII.

With HER's, who so perform'd the part
Which Heaven but *gave* thee—to *resign*,
That childhood's unsuspecting heart
Knew not an earlier claim was thine.

THE END.

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